



No. 645.—VOL. I.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1905.

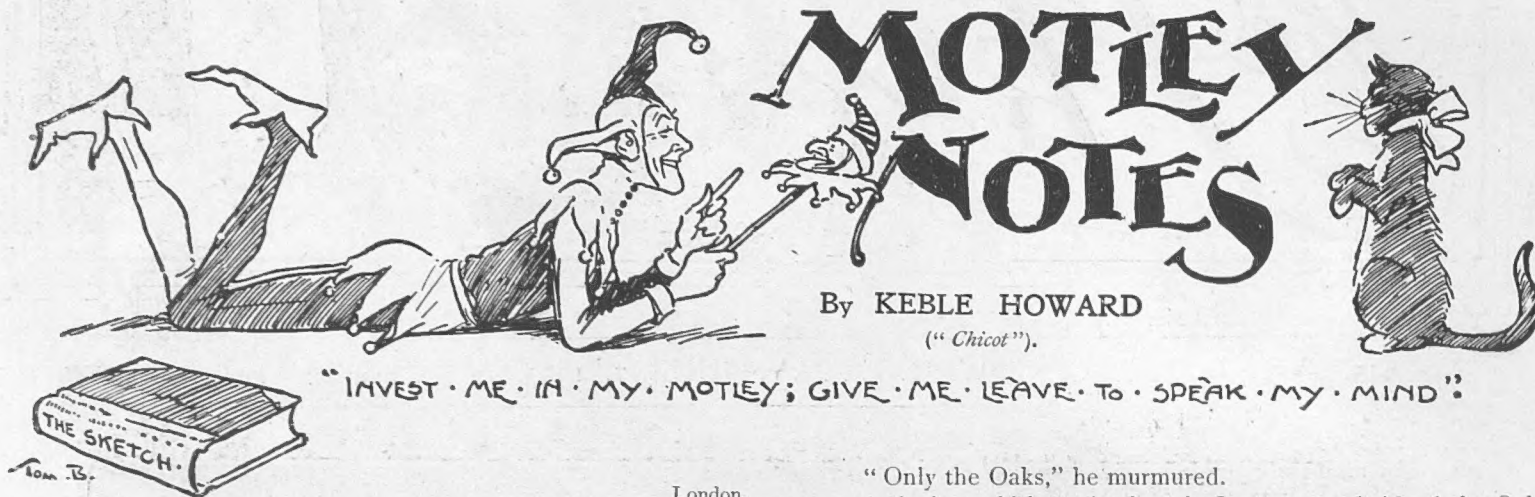
SIXPENCE.



THE NEW HÉLÈNE DE SOLANGES IN 'VÉRONIQUE': MISS ISABEL JAY  
SINGING THE SWING SONG, AT THE APOLLO.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*





London.

At last, thanks to the extraordinary persistence of the Post Office authorities, I have become a full member of the Telephone Set. It is my privilege to call any man away from his business on the most frivolous pretext, and to indulge in delicious conversations with any number of beautiful people in distant suburbs whose husbands, and brothers, and fathers are wearing their hearts out in stuffy offices. Under the circumstances, it was only natural that a great many people should oppose my election. The gallant Post Office did battle, on my behalf, with a railway company, a ground landlord, a ground-floor landlord, a first-floor tenant, a second-floor tenant, a roadway inspector, a pavement inspector, a gas inspector, an electric-light company, and a nest of rats. They waged war, in fact, for five long months, but in the end they gained a victory no less decisive than that of the splendid Togo. Day and night the musical tinkle of the telephone-bell may be heard in my little nest among the stars, and who am I to complain if, nine times out of ten, the appellant is a harassed tradesman anxious to explain to some testy housewife why such-and-such an esteemed order has not been dealt with as promptly as promised on the bill-heads? After all, there are at least five figures in my number, and it would be surprising indeed if the long-suffering Exchange never mistook me for a housewife.

I am on the best of terms, let me tell you, with my Exchange. There is a lady with a sweet, mellow voice with whom I am already more than half in love. I am quite aware, of course, that we shall never meet. As a matter of fact, I am not at all sure that the telephone-girl has actually an individual existence. I am inclined to imagine that my friend is merely a voice—a gentle voice always ready to lisp pretty commonplaces into my left ear. Just to prove to you, by the way, that our dialogue is perfectly harmless, I will reproduce a fragment. Here we go—

THE VOICE. Number, please?

"CHICOT." Would you kindly give me 123456 Gerrard.

THE VOICE. 123456 Gerrard?

"CHICOT." Yes, if you please. (*Buzz-z-z-z.*)

THE VOICE. Have they answered yet?

"CHICOT." Not yet. But there's no hurry, you know.

THE VOICE. Beg pardon?

"CHICOT." I say, there's no hurry, you know. (*Buzz-z-z-z.*)

THE VOICE. They're engaged. Will you ring again, please. (*Buzz-z-z-z.*)

"CHICOT" (*a little later*). Would you kindly give me 123456 Gerrard?

THE VOICE. 123456 Gerrard?

And so on. Easy, airy, even epigrammatic, but not wicked.

He was a nice little man, and it seemed a pity that he should have nothing better to do, on a lovely afternoon in early June, than stand in the doorway of the Club and stare moodily at his motor-car. I said so. I touched him lightly on the forearm and said—

"Are you happy, dear friend?"

"Not particularly," replied the little man. "Are you?"

"I might be," I hinted.

He laughed, rather drearily, and bade me step into the car.

"Where shall we go?" he sighed, as we slipped through the Strand and ran prettily in the direction of the Park.

"Weybridge," said I.

We made Weybridge within the hour, and the little man apologised for having missed the road three times.

"Is there anything very much the matter," I suggested, "with Epsom?"

"Only the Oaks," he murmured.

As luck would have it, though, I was not afraid of the Oaks, and we were presently at Epsom. The racing, of course, was over, and the multitude—all sorts and conditions of men, women, youths, children, monkeys, mounted policemen, and motorists—were trailing Londonwards.

"Rum lot," said the little man.

I felt that he was right. They were a rum lot. Most of them were sober, and all of them were dead sleepy. There were matres-familiarum coiled uncomfortably in tiny, rickety gigs; there were puffy, white-faced men lolling in four-wheeled cabs with their legs out of window; there were alert young men, in paper jockey-caps, bunched together on swaying pony-shays; there were lantern-jawed men of the world edging beerwards in vast, deserted char-à-bancs; there were sickly boys trudging by the roadside who, rightly enough, eyed us with malevolence as we sped past; there were people singing, for the sake of appearances, "Down by the Old Bull and Bush"; there were other people, of a rather superior class, assuring all those whom it might concern that their loves "must drive an auto, a great red auto, that's made for two"; there were sad men pretending to be merry, and merry men trying to forget that they would be sad on the morrow; there were little children, with wan faces, wondering why their parents had dragged them away from the alley, and whether Lizzie Brown would be good enough to exhibit symptoms of jealousy on their return; finally, there were ourselves—the little man and I. We were in a motor-car, riding softly, and sure of a good meal and comfortable beds at the end of the journey. Why?

It occurred to the little man, by-and-by, that we ought to call a halt and study character in one of the wayside hostelries. In the meantime, this middle-aged person with the cheerful grin, the red nose, and the bare feet would keep an eye on the car.

"Mind you don't run off with it," I said, sternly.

The man with the red nose shook it. "That'll be all right, sir," he claimed.

"What would you do," I inquired, "if anybody else tried to run off with it?"

"Call a bobby," was the unhesitating retort.

"You don't share the usual prejudice against the police, then?"

"Beg pardon, guv'nor?"

"You don't dislike bobbies, then?"

"Me?" He spat on the ground. "If I 'ad my way, guv'nor, I'd wring all their blinkin' necks."

The little man laughed quite merrily, and led the way into the inn.

The saloon-bar was crammed. The men were shouting, the women laughing, and the babies crying. Mine host, damp of forehead, white-aproned, bare of arm, was puffing up and down behind the bar, urging his jaded wife to renewed efforts. It was one of the two great days in his commercial year, and, by the ministers of the kingdom of Bacchus, he was making the most of it. Pop went the corks, swish went the beer, fizz went the soda-water. He flung the welcome silver into the till, and slapped the wet counter with greasy coppers. Rest would come later; at the moment, it was his duty to himself and his family to sell as much poisonous liquor as possible. They were fools, maybe, to swallow the stuff, but that was not *his* business. They would all be dreadfully ill on the morrow, and, in all probability, would fall to fighting, and shrieking, and weeping before black night shut down on London. Serve them right, the zanies! Long live the national sport of old England! 'Urry up with them two stout-an'-bitters, Emma, can't yer!



"DESPAIRING HOSTESSES"—SOME SUGGESTIONS THAT MAY HELP THEM.



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MIGHT ALLOW DEVELOPMENTS



A BACHELORS COMPETITION  
IN HAIRDRESSING MIGHT WHILE AWAY AN HOUR OR TWO



OR VICE VERSA.



A DRAWING ROOM STOCK EXCHANGE  
WOULD BE A CHANGE AFTER  
THE ETERNAL BRIDGE



OR AS A COROLLARY  
TO THE SIMPLE LIFE  
WHY NOT TRY AN OCCASIONAL QUIET  
EVENING AT HOME?

R. CLEAVER 1905.

"Just now the particular necessity of a number of despairing hostesses is something that will give a cachet to their entertainments. Everything appears to have been done before. There is nothing new to eat, to drink, to talk of, to become expert in, to play at."—LADY'S PICTORIAL.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Japan a Good Winner—The Battle of the Sea of Japan and the Shops of Great Britain—Is it Peace?—The King of Spain's Visits—His Majesty's Interest in British Sports.*

SHOULD we, I wonder, behave as well as the Japanese are doing under the trying ordeal of a really great victory gained? To be a good loser is comparatively easy for individuals and for nations: to behave quietly and soberly when one has made a *coup* is the difficulty. The Japanese in Tokio hung out flags when they heard of Togo's complete victory, but there was none of that wild horse-play in which Londoners indulged on the night of the receipt of the news that Mafeking had been relieved. If London "mafficked" on account of the relief of a gallant town, what would her citizens do if they had Trafalgar to celebrate once again? I think we may well watch the conduct of our Allies in victory, and think of it as an example.

It is wonderful how success succeeds. The triumphs of Japan have brought a Japanese invasion of Great Britain, for every shop I go into now offers me something which is labelled as coming from Nippon. I bought a waste-paper basket last week, and the salesman told me with pride that it was a Japanese one; an enterprising curio-dealer wanted me to buy a miniature bale of paper handkerchiefs, which he said I should find most useful when travelling; and when I demurred, he brought forward as a final argument that they were made in Japan. When I asked my gentleman's gentleman where he had stored my fur-coat for the winter, he told me that it was put away quite safely, and, to entirely quiet my mind, added that he had treated it with Japanese moth-powder.

"Will it be peace?" is once again the question which is on everybody's lips. That the Czar's first impulse should be to continue to fight is natural enough. The determination not to give in after a staggering reverse is the first decision most men would take under the circumstances, and when the man with whom the saying of "Yes" or "No" rests is an obstinate man, he is all the more likely to say, with Sir Richard Grenville, "Fight on! fight on!" The wail of the widows and orphans and the cry of the mothers whose children are going to certain death must, sooner or later, reach the Imperial ears, and if Russia, slow-moving but stirring

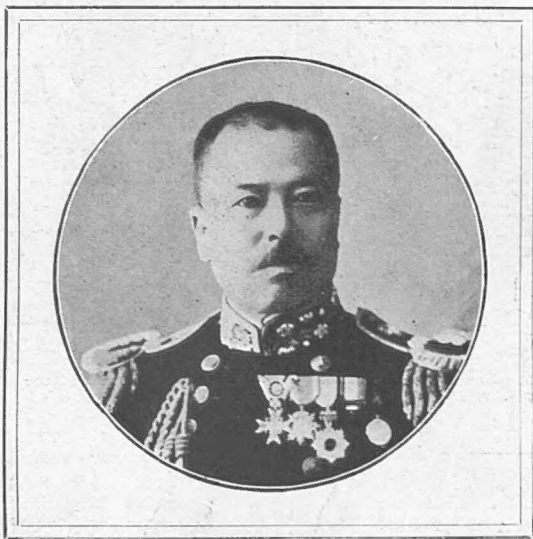
killing of a horse, are a distinct discouragement to monarchs thinking of visiting Paris, and if there is one thing above all others that the Parisians love, it is to have a travelling King in their midst, to fête him, to treasure up the words of praise and delight which fall from his lips, and to deck their beautiful town like a ball-room in his honour.

The King of Spain is a lad with all the pleasant enthusiasm of his age, and he is so unspoilt that he might have been educated at Eton, instead of having had a rather gloomy boyhood, with tutors in uniform always at his side to say "Don't" concerning most things a boy wants to do. In Paris he kissed the pretty girl who posed as the Muse of Alimentation on both cheeks, and laughed when the popping of a champagne-cork made M. Lépine jump. He minimised the bomb explosion, and was vexed not at his own danger, but that his good hosts should be so distressed at the occurrence. Could the King stay longer amongst us than he is doing, he would, I am sure, become a very great favourite with the English.

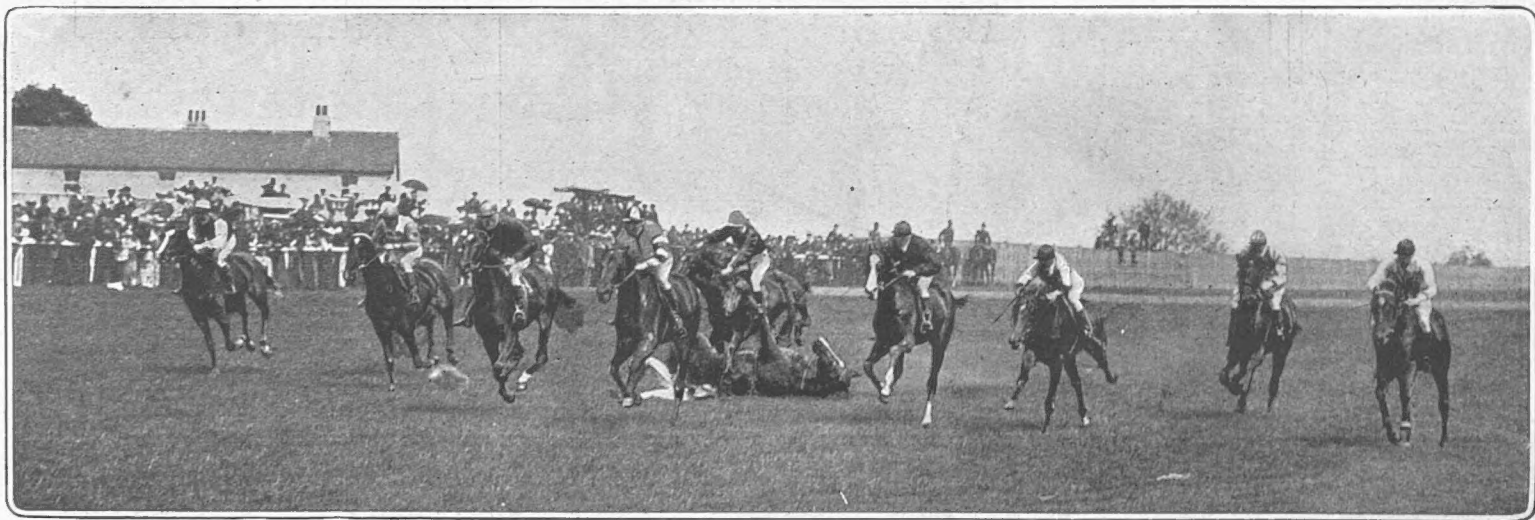
In Spain I was told that the little King was looking forward keenly to his visit to England, and was particularly anxious to learn something of our sports, to see polo played on our grounds, to learn the mysteries of cricket, and to be present at a great race-meeting. All this will have to be reserved for another visit, and perhaps the King will enjoy a holiday incognito, when he can be a boy amongst boys, more than he does a State visit with all its restrictions. The King's wish to see our sports has, I believe, a bearing on the question of bull-fights and the possible substitution for them of some less cruel amusement.

Until within a few days of Easter, it was not known whether Sunday bull-fights would be allowed in Spain this year. The Spanish Government had issued a regulation that no work was to be done on Sunday, and, having determined that the day should be one of rest, prohibited Sunday bull-fights. At the eleventh hour the Ministers relented and the Spaniards were given their sport.

I was surprised to hear that any Ministry had dared to interfere with what I had always believed was the one institution which the Spanish lower classes were really passionately attached to. The Spaniard whom I asked whether the prohibition, if adhered to, would not have meant a revolution, shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. No one except the breeders of bulls would have cared very much, he thought. The race of great bull-fighters,



THE ONLY JAPANESE ADMIRAL WOUNDED IN THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN: REAR-ADMIRAL MISU.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO A JOCKEY ON DERBY DAY: BRAW LASS FILLY FALLING WITH EVANS IN THE JUVENILE PLATE.

Braw Lass filly fell while crossing the tan road, and brought down Childhood filly. Evans, who was riding her, was fatally injured, dying soon after he had been taken to the Epsom Infirmary.

Photograph by Frith, Reigate.

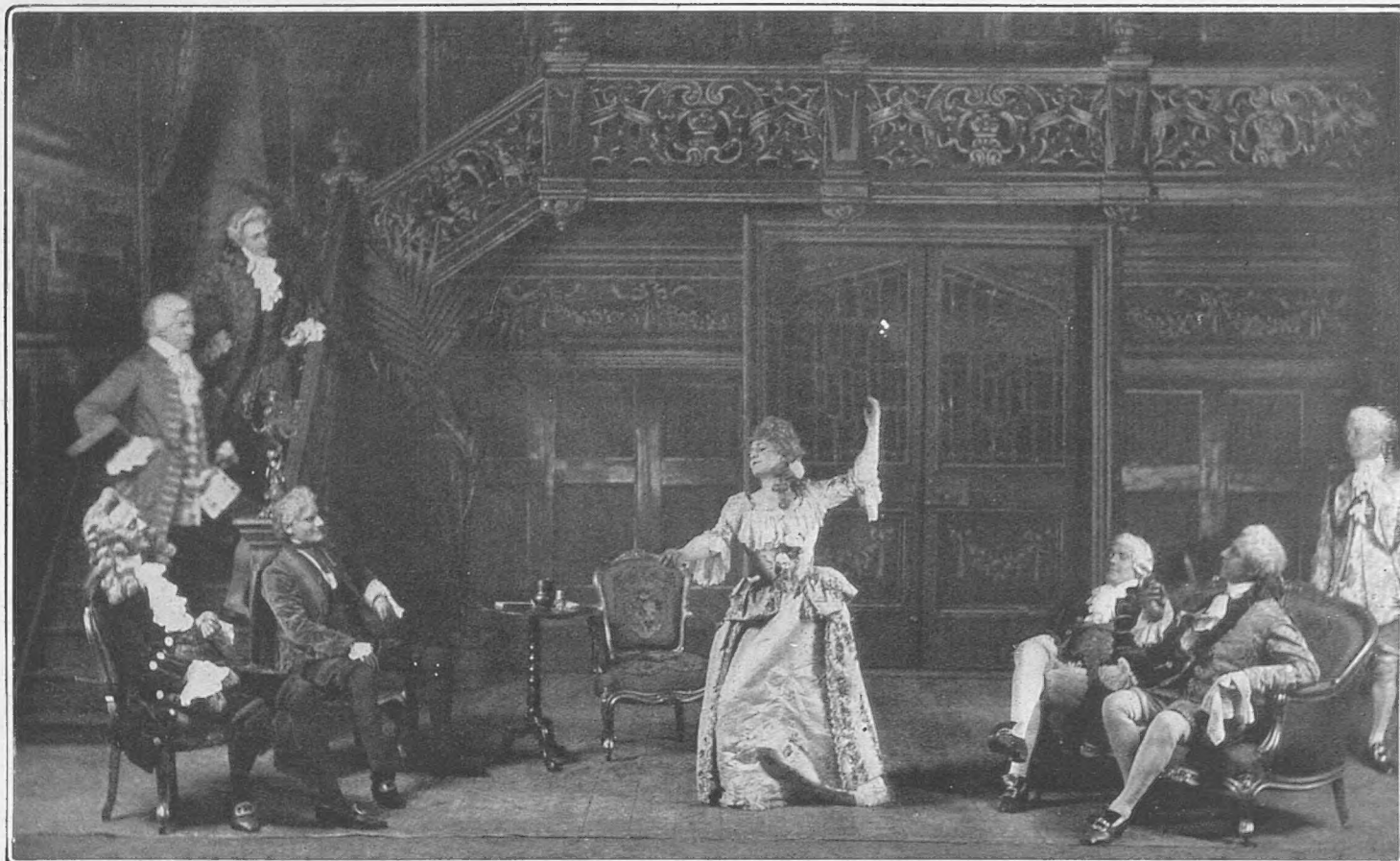
at last in her sleep, speaks for peace in the coming National Assembly, the Czar of All the Russias must listen and unbend.

If the criminal who threw the bomb at the young King of Spain could be caught and handed over to the Parisiennes, he would die, I am sure, a lingering death under pricks from hat-pins, for such Anarchist outrages, even if they end in nothing worse than the

he told me, is dying out, and, though the people expect some amusement on a hot Sunday, he did not think that a bull-fight was a necessity. I may yet see a Spanish crowd of tens of thousands watching a football-match, and "six o'clock scores" in the Madrid evening-papers may take the place of gossip about Bombita Fuentes and the other fighters; indeed, there may even be a real Spanish Derby some day.



## "COMEDY AND TRAGEDY," AT THE CRITERION.



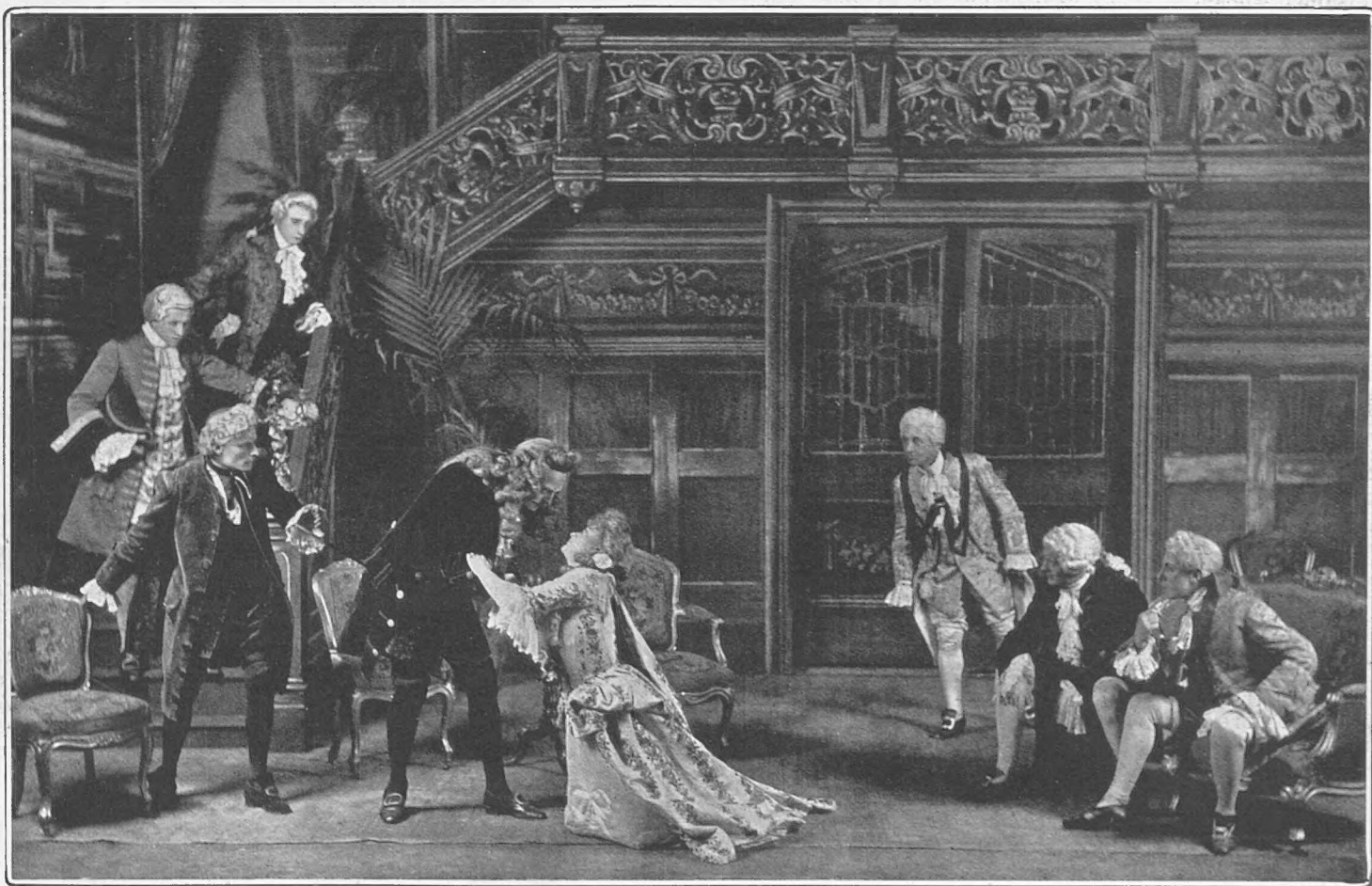
Dr. Choquart (Mr. Evelyn Vernon). Abbé Dubois (Mr. Harold West).

Clarice (Miss Ethel Irving).

## COMEDY: "GENTLEMEN, I AM AN ACTOR."

D'Aulnay gives up his commission in the King's Bodyguard and becomes an actor for the sake of his wife, Clarice. Clarice has long been pestered by the dissolute Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France, and D'Aulnay has challenged him on several occasions, but has always been refused a meeting on the ground that he is an actor, and thus a statutory vagabond. Clarice and her husband thereupon decide to trap the Regent into a fight, if he can be made to fight in no other way. Accordingly, they pretend to quarrel and to part, and Clarice invites the Duc d'Orléans and a number of his friends to a supper-party. By a trick, the actress contrives that the rōu shall be kept alone in the lower room with her for a time, so that her husband may come in and force his enemy to give him satisfaction. Things turn out as arranged, and the men go into the garden. The

Regent's friends then return, and to amuse them and, incidentally, to keep them from going into the garden, Clarice gives one of her famous improvisations.—



Abbé Dubois.

Dr. Choquart.

Clarice.

## TRAGEDY: "FOR GOD'S SAKE, GIVE ME THE KEY "

—Before beginning, she tells the company, who hear the clash of swords in the garden and wish to see what is the matter, that she is preparing a surprise for them, and that if they go out now all will be spoiled. The key of the door is handed to Dr. Choquart, with the instructions that he is not to part with it to his fellow guests. Clarice has just finished her comedy description of an actor when a groan is heard outside, and she believes that she recognises her husband's voice. Thereupon, comedy becomes tragedy, the actress weeping and groaning aloud in her agony of suspense, and praying the doctor to give her the key. Those around her still believe that she is acting, for she has announced that she will follow comedy with tragedy, and laugh and applaud when she tells them that she is in earnest. At last, however, she persuades the doctor, who acknowledges that she is no longer acting, and gives her the key. She staggers to the door, flings it open, and is met by her husband, who is unhurt, while the Regent is mortally wounded.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



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LADY FORESTER, WHO RECENTLY MET WITH A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

Photograph by Thomson.

of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Ena of Battenberg, and little Princess Victoria Mary of Wales. The youngest of the four will act as train-bearer. The Royal bridesmaids—again breaking a long tradition which has ordained that white only should be worn by Royal bridesmaids—will wear blue, and the brilliant bridal scene in St. George's Chapel will be made the brighter thereby.

#### *The Imperial Wedding.*

To the British people the title of German Crown Princess has hitherto been one of both joyful and sad associations, for it was borne, and very nobly borne, for something like forty years by our Sovereign's eldest sister. The young Princess whose bridal this week has filled the Fatherland with rejoicing has a charming face, full of girlish brightness and enthusiasm. In spite of her Russian mother (whose action concerning the French portion of her daughter's trousseau is said to have actually threatened to break off the Imperial match at one moment), the Kaiser's daughter-in-law is a thorough German. The young couple will have about a fortnight's honeymooning before they settle down at Potsdam in the Marble Palace, where the Crown Prince was born and where he spent a good deal of his childhood. It is thought that the Crown Prince and Crown Princess will pay a short visit to England next autumn.

#### *Lady Forester.*

Lady Forester, concerning whose pony-carriage-motor accident there has been a good deal of discussion, is one of the principal Shropshire hostesses, and a most agreeable and cultivated woman. She is one of the very few Peereesses who can trace their ancestry back to the Plantagenets, for she is a daughter of the late Sir Willoughby Dixie. Lord and

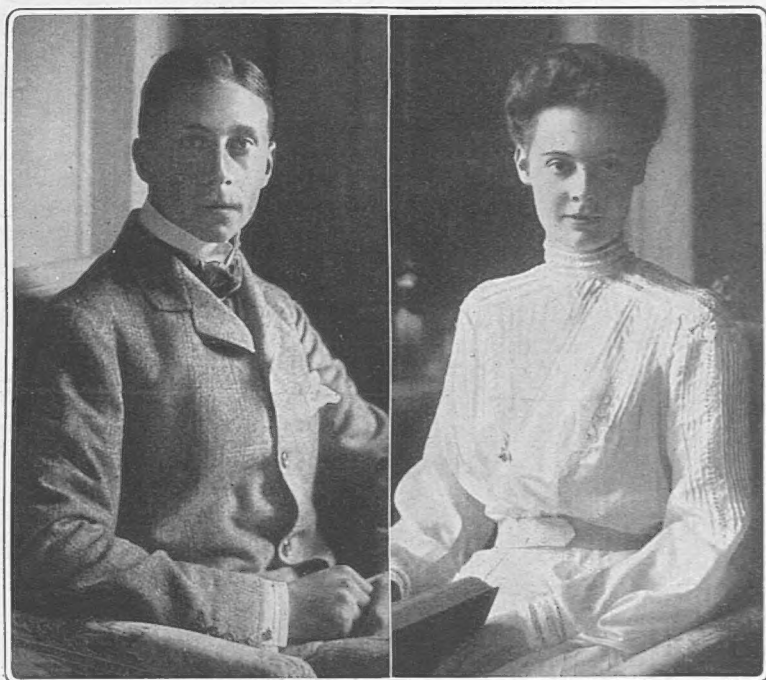
## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**E**VEN now, the final official arrangements concerning the marriage of Prince Gustavus Adolphus and Princess Margaret of Connaught are not entirely completed. Never had Royal couple a greater choice of beautiful places offered to them for their honeymoon, and in this matter Ireland has been once more proving her regal hospitality. Princess Margaret, following a rather new custom, is to have only Royal bridesmaids. These will be her sister, Princess Patricia of Connaught, and her three cousins, Princess Beatrice

Lady Forester are very popular in the neighbourhood of their beautiful country place, Willey Park, for Lord Forester is the beau-ideal of a country gentleman, and Lady Forester fulfils with grace the rôle of Lady Bountiful.

#### *The Speaker's Retirement.*

The statement that Mr. Gully was to resign the Speakership of the House of Commons was received with less surprise than regret, for the health of the Member for Carlisle has been most unsatisfactory of late. Born nearly seventy years ago, Mr. Gully is the second son of Dr. James Manby Gully, of Great Malvern, and the grandson of a coffee-planter in Jamaica, was called to the Bar in 1860,



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

It was arranged that the wedding of the German Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin should take place yesterday, June 6th, at mid-day, in the private chapel of the Royal Palace, the officiating clergyman being the Court Preacher, Dr. Dryander.

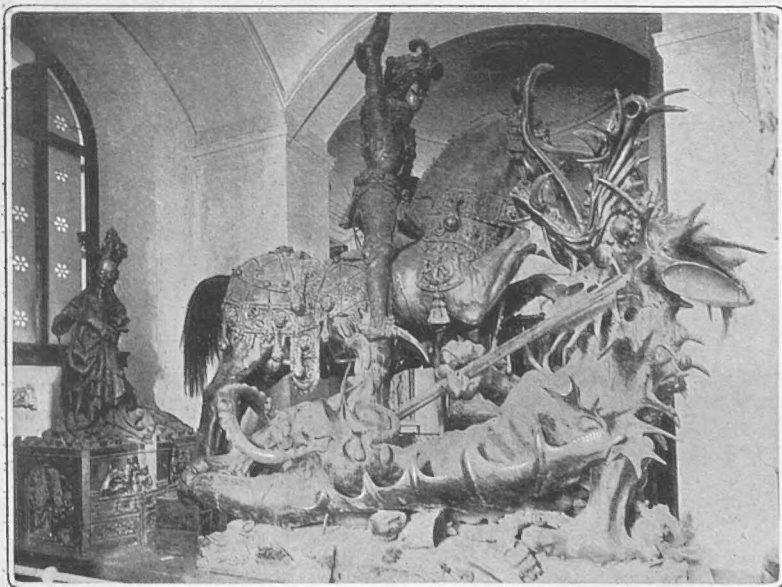
Photographs by Fritz Henschkel.

practised on the Northern Circuit, took silk in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, has been Recorder of Wigan, and is a Bencher of the Inner Temple. He was elected to succeed Mr. (now Lord) Peel as Speaker ten years ago, his rival being the late Viscount Ridley, then Sir Matthew White Ridley, and he has performed his duties in a manner that has won him praise from all parties. Precedent gives him a peerage and a pension of £4,000 a year.

**The Prime Minister.** The absence of the Prime Minister made the House of Commons a dull place last week. However much he may be attacked, everyone is interested in Mr. Balfour's picturesque personality. His colleagues are comparatively ineffective without him, for none of them are in the political rank which he has reached. Mr. Chamberlain is the only statesman of equal position on the Unionist side. Probably the Premier's personal popularity is not so great as it was in former years, but he continues to get his own way very easily in the House, and his authority on his own side is almost undiminished.

#### *Mr. Balfour's Greatest Enemies.*

Chills are Mr. Balfour's greatest enemies, and they have several times developed into influenza. Probably he is not quite careful of himself when he plays golf. He may hurry off on a motor while he is heated with the game, and thus fall a victim. Still, his health is much better than it was twenty years ago. It used to be said before Mr. Balfour became Irish Secretary that the mantelpiece in his bedroom was full of medicine-bottles. Of course, this was an invention, but he was certainly regarded as a very delicate man. Had it not been for the Royal and Ancient Game he might not have endured the work and the worry of government for so many years.



AN EXTRAORDINARY WOODEN MONUMENT OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, STOCKHOLM.

The extraordinary wooden monument here shown was taken in 1620 during the war with Germany. A bronze copy of it is to be erected in the Market-Place at Stockholm.

Photograph by "Topical."



### The New American Ambassador.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who presented his credentials as American Ambassador to this country to the King on Monday, may fairly be termed a "hustler," using the word in its most pleasant sense to imply only one who leads the life strenuous, for his activities have been great and varied. Soldier—he was Captain and Aide-de-Camp to Majors-General Thomas A. Morris and W. S. Rosecrans in the first campaigns of the Civil War, and was less actively engaged as military correspondent of a Cincinnati paper at the Pittsburg Landing, at Second Bull Run, at Gettysburg, and elsewhere. Journalist—he first edited a weekly newspaper in Ohio; then, some years later, joined the staff of the *New York Tribune*, which he edited until quite recently, and of which he is proprietor. Politician and diplomatist—he has been Clerk of the Military Committee at the House of Representatives, and also Librarian; United States Minister to France, Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and a Commissioner at the Paris Conference for

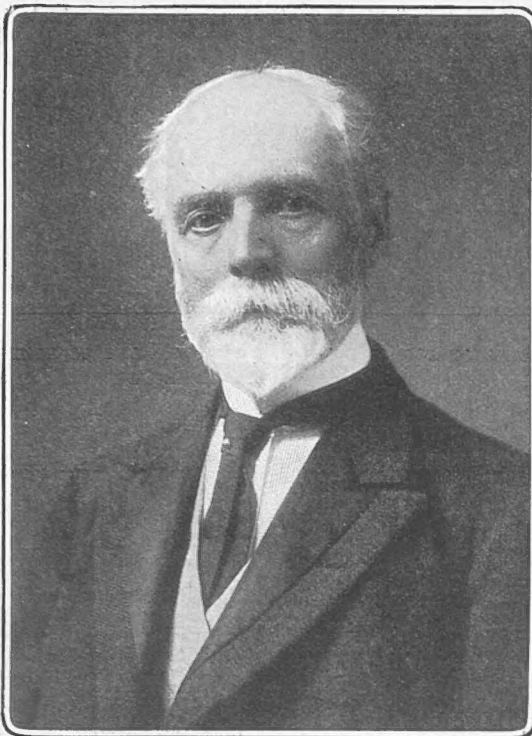
the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Spain; and official representative of his country on the occasions of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and the Coronation of King Edward.

### An Ambassador's Family.

MISS JEAN TEMPLETON REID,  
ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE NEW AMERICAN  
AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.  
*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*

The new Ambassador is peculiarly fortunate in his home-life. The new Ambassador was a Miss Mills, the daughter of a Californian millionaire, and has now been for many years one of the most important and cosmopolitan of American hostesses. She has entertained in New York, at Washington, and at the celebrated Ophir Farm—one of the most beautiful country-houses on the Hudson River, which has become Mr. Whitelaw Reid's favourite home. The Ambassador has two children, Ogden Mills Reid and Miss Jean Templeton Reid, who is two years younger than her brother. Both young people have been highly educated, and can speak French and German. They are fond of sport and of outdoor life, and Miss Reid is an expert whip—in fact, she is one of the few American women who can drive a four-in-hand, and, as noted in last week's *Sketch*, she has just organised a Ladies' Driving Club in New York.

*Uncle Sam's Unofficial Embassy.* Uncle Sam's Ambassador in London has a business office in Victoria Street, while the social part of his work is done at his home. Mr. Choate had a fine house in Carlton House Terrace, but his successor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, goes one better in Dorchester House. The rent is said to be about twice as much as Mr. Reid's



THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN:  
MR. WHITELAW REID.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid presented his credentials to the King on Monday last, and, according to custom, was driven from his residence, Dorchester House, Park Lane, in a Royal carriage. It is interesting to note that every Ambassador travels in this manner when visiting the Sovereign to whom he is accredited for the first time. The Court Chamberlain accompanies him on his journey, and he is received on his way to the Audience-Chamber by a Guard of Honour, as though he were his own monarch, or President, as the case may be.



MR. OGDEN MILLS REID,  
ONLY SON OF THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR  
TO GREAT BRITAIN.  
*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*



THE RESIDENCE OF THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN:  
DORCHESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE.

Dorchester House will not, of course, be the American Embassy, as all business matters connected with the representation of the United States in this country are dealt with in an office in Victoria Street, but, as Mr. Reid's private residence, it will be the scene of many important social functions. It belongs to Captain Holford, and is said to have been rented to Mr. Reid at the rate of £7,000 a year.

*Photograph by Dolak.*

official salary, which is £3,500, but then the house is unique among London palaces. Built almost exactly fifty years ago by Captain Holford's father, a man of rare taste, it is so placed that Park Lane itself seems expressly designed as an approach to it. It is an almost perfect example of Italian Renaissance—of harmonious and restrained magnificence, and its artistic interest is extraordinary. Thus, it contains some magnificent work by that master of design, Alfred Stevens, whose Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral has made him famous all over Europe.

### The Gala Night at the Opera.

To-morrow's Gala performance at the Opera should bring together an extraordinary assembly of fair women and brave men, but the audience, brilliant though it certainly must be, will not be the only attraction. The programme itself is of exceptional interest—a Gala programme in very deed. The second Act of "Romeo et Juliette," the third Act of "La Bohème," and the fourth Act of "Ugonotti" will be presented, under the batons of M. André Messager and Signor Mancinelli—of course, after the playing of the National Anthem and the "Marcia Reale"—

and amongst those who will sing are Madame Melba, Madame Destinn, Madame Paulin, Mlle. Parkina, and Madame Kurz, Signor Caruso, M. Dalmorès, M. Cotreuil, M. Whitehill, and Signor Scotti. The Bow Street entrance will be reserved for King Edward and King Alfonso and their guests, the other members of the audience entering by Floral Street.

### The "First Commoner."

The Speaker's position as First Commoner is secured to him by a statute of William and Mary, and his powers inside the House are tremendous, though less vague than they used to be. There is an amusing story of Speaker Onslow, ancestor of the present Lord Onslow, who was fond of threatening to "name" honourable members. On one occasion a venturesome M.P. asked what the effect of this mysterious penalty would be, and Mr. Speaker, completely taken aback, could only stammer out, "Lord only knows, sir; I'm sure I don't!" The tradition that every retiring Speaker is created a Viscount dates back to 1835, when Sir Charles Manners Sutton was created Viscount Canterbury, and it was broken in the case of his successor, Mr. Abercromby, who was only made a Baron. Since then, however, the tradition has been scrupulously observed. Speaker Brand tried hard to escape it, because he was heir to the fifteenth-century Barony of Dacre, but he had to submit, and was made Viscount Hampden.



MRS. WHITELAW REID,  
WIFE OF THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR  
TO GREAT BRITAIN.  
*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*





MISS MARJORIE NEVILL,  
WHO IS TO MARRY MR. PERCY NEVILL  
TO-MORROW (THE 8TH).  
Photograph by Thomson.

*An Early June Wedding.* To-morrow (8th) a charming wedding will take place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, and many well-known Sussex folk will come to town in order to be present. The bride, Miss Marjorie Nevill, is a favourite grand-daughter of the venerable Marquis of Abergavenny, and the bridegroom, Mr. Percy Nevill, is a nephew of the same popular Peer, and is heir to a beautiful place in Kent. Miss Nevill is much loved in the neighbourhood of Eridge Castle; she is a year older than her cousin, Miss Marguerite Nevill, the half-sister of Lady Camden.

*A Popular Society Hostess and Motorist.* Mrs. Melvill-Simons, the charming wife of Mr. Henry

Melvill-Simons, is a popular hostess whose many accomplishments have gained her a large circle of friends. She is also well known as an amateur singer of considerable merit, and she shares with her husband an ardent love of

*Our Royal Visitor.* King Alfonso, our Royal visitor, who turned nineteen last month, has attracted the sympathetic interest of all Europe ever since his birth. He will be all the more warmly welcomed in this country on account of his providential escape from assassination by an Anarchist bomb in Paris last week. A tall, slight, rather delicate-looking youth, His Most Catholic Majesty has, nevertheless, a marked wiriness of frame, the result, no doubt, of his careful physical education. He sits a horse to perfection; indeed, he has all the Spaniard's traditional love of horses. He has a firm mouth and chin, a well-shaped nose, and large, thoughtful eyes. The most conspicuous quality of his character is his kindness of heart—a truly kingly virtue, inherited from and fostered by his beautiful mother, Queen Christina. His Majesty has shown this on numerous occasions, notably in the recent terrible bursting of a reservoir in Spain, when he insisted in taking the lead in the measures of relief. King Alfonso has a "style and title" only to be compared in point of magnificence with that of the Emperor of Austria; he was proclaimed on the day of his birth

King of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Gibraltar, of the Eastern and Western Indies, of India and the Ocean Continent, and by many another title recalling the proudest glories of Spanish history.

*A Political-Literary Marriage.* Since the wedding of Mr. George Meredith's daughter there has been no marriage which has excited more widespread interest in London literary circles than that of Miss Ethel Clifford and Mr. Fisher Wentworth Dilke, to be celebrated to-day (7th) at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The good-looking bridegroom is the eldest nephew of Sir Charles Dilke, and grandson and namesake of the famous proprietor of the old *Saturday Review*. Miss Clifford inherits her rare literary gift from both her parents, for her father, the late Professor W. K. Clifford, was a writer as well as a great

thinker, and her mother is known wherever the English language is read as the author of "Aunt Anne" and of some fine plays.

*Of Interest to the Court World.*

The engagement of Miss Nina Hill, the only daughter of the popular and able Lord Arthur Hill, to Mr. George Brooke, Sir George Brooke's eldest son, is of interest to a very large circle, headed by the members of our Royal Family, who have known the bride-elect from childhood, for Lord Arthur was for many years Comptroller of Queen Victoria's Household. Miss Hill shares the musical tastes of her mother, the brilliant composer whose song, "In the Gloaming," is still one of the most popular ever written. Both Lady Arthur and Miss Hill, as might have been expected in the wife and only daughter of a one-time Conservative Whip, take an enthusiastic interest in politics, and they have more than once placed their great musical gifts at the disposal of the Party.



MISS NINA HILL,  
WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE  
BROOKE.  
Photograph by Esme Collings.

*A Rumoured Engagement.*

An American paper announces that Mrs. Nannie Langhorne, a sister of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's wife, is engaged to Lord Revelstoke. Lord Revelstoke, who is forty-two, is the second Baron, a partner in the banking firm of Baring Brothers and Co., and a Director of the Bank of England.

*The Kingdom of Bulgaria?*

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria's series of State visits is, apparently, to bear the desired fruit; in Bucharest it is stated that Bulgaria is likely to be proclaimed a kingdom some time next month. The Powers concerned are believed to have already given secret assurance that the step will be agreeable to them, as they anticipate that it would mean, at all events, a partial solution of the Macedonian question.

*"Princess" Alice Roosevelt.*

Russia is evidently concerned at the news that President Roosevelt's daughter, Miss Roosevelt, is to form one of a party visiting the Philippines and Japan, arguing that she is virtually a Royal Princess, and that her presence in Japan must be official, and thus a mark of sympathy between the lands of dollars and cherry-blossom. Mr. Roosevelt is, of course, amused, and firm—his daughter, he says, has no political status in her own country, and the tour will not be cancelled.

*A Claimant to the Earldom of Airth.*

Mr. Robert Barclay Allardice, Mayor of Lostwithiel, Cornwall, is not the only one of his line who has claimed the Earldom of Airth, created in 1633, and dormant since 1744. Captain Robert Allardice, well known in his day as athlete and pedestrian, put in a petition in 1834, but died before the House of Lords had come to any conclusion on the matter. Twenty years later, his daughter resumed the surname and arms of Barclay Allardice by Royal licence, and later claimed the Earldom, together with those of Strathearn and Menteith. She was opposed by William Cunningham Bontine of Ardoch and Gartmore, and the Court of Privileges heard both sides but gave no finding. Mr. Robert Barclay Allardice is the son of the last claimant, and is sixty-four.



A POPULAR SOCIETY HOSTESS AND MOTORIST:  
MRS. MELVILL-SIMONS.

Photograph by Keturah-Collings.



MISS ETHEL CLIFFORD,  
WHO IS TO MARRY MR. FISHER DILKE  
TO-DAY (JUNE 7TH).

Miss Ethel Clifford is the daughter of Mrs. W. K. Clifford and the late Professor Clifford, and has just published a volume of poems entitled "Love's Journey."

Photograph by Keturah-Collings.



MR. FISHER DILKE,  
WHO IS TO MARRY MISS ETHEL CLIFFORD  
TO-DAY (JUNE 7TH).

Mr. Dilke is the eldest nephew of Sir Charles Dilke, and grandson and namesake of the famous proprietor of the old "Saturday Review."

Photograph by Keturah-Collings.





LADY LOCH (NÉE LADY MARGARET COMPTON).

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



LORD LOCH, WHO MARRIED LADY MARGARET COMPTON YESTERDAY.

Photograph by Thomson.

*This Week's New Peeress.*

Lady Loch, who till yesterday (6th) was Lady Margaret Compton, will be a charming twentieth-century Peeress. She is Lord Northampton's only daughter, and was one of the prettiest of last Season's débutantes, when she was chaperoned by her aunt, Lady Cowper. The new Peeress should inherit wits as well as beauty, for she is the granddaughter, through her mother, of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, who was so intimate a friend of Carlyle. Lord Loch is a keen soldier and has seen more active service for his age than most British soldiers. He is, through his mother, a first-cousin of Lord Lytton, and a nephew of the delightful writer who won fame as author of "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden."

*At St. George's, Hanover Square.* To-day has been chosen as wedding-day by many fashionable brides, and St. George's, Hanover Square, will see a great gathering of North Country folk at the wedding of Miss Janie Evans, a Yorkshire beauty, to Mr. Edward A. Wiener.

*Paris Learns Spanish.*

During the King of Spain's recent visit, Paris embarrassed herself by deciding that it was necessary to talk Spanish to her Royal guest. There was not, of course, any real need for it, for King Alfonso talks French perfectly (as he talks English, German, and Italian); but in Paris, when things are done at all, they are done with a will, and so last week the small talk of the Boulevards was Spanish small talk, or rather, Spanish small talk à la sauce Parisienne. This love of playing with their language is quite a peculiarity of the Parisians, and every now and then some crazy trick of the above kind sets in, as in the days of Balzac (immortalised, as *Sketch* readers may remember, in the pages of "Le Père Goriot"), when the panorama was a novelty, and people thought it the *ne plus ultra* of wit to end each second word they said with "rama" or "orama," as the case might be. "Je vaisorama me promenerorama dans les Champsorama Elyséesorama avec Totorama," and so forth; and it's Spanish now.

*The Tributes of the Camelots.*

Besides the changes in the language which the young King's coming effected, the principal tribute to his visit was from the Camelots, or street-hawkers, and the strains set to popular melodies and sung at every street-corner are by no means unworthy of consideration. For crowds rush in where a grave diplomat may fear to tread, and in her songs of the street, in honour of Alfonso's coming, Paris did not fear to remind the young King of Spain that his late father managed to make himself and his country very unpopular in Paris when, on his return from Berlin, he appeared in her streets in the uniform of a Prussian Uhlán. And

this is how Parisians about the Boulevards reminded Alfonso XIII. of this, to the sweet melody of "Viens Poupoule"—

Pourtant, faut que j'te l'dise ici,  
Pour venir à Paris,  
Aie soin de n'pas mettr'comm'vet'ment  
Un costume de hulan.  
C'est comme ça qu'ton père autrefois  
Nous avait j'té un froid,  
Mais j'compte que t'es assez malin  
Pour venir en pékin.

Colloquially translated and to the same sweet tune, this might be rendered thus—

But let me tell you once for all,  
And bear it well in mind,  
That tho' Parisians love you well,  
Parisians are not blind;  
The clothes your Pa wore when he came  
Displeased us, so beware  
Of German uniforms. Put on  
A plain frock-coat, mon cher.

This may not be poetry, but it is very sage advice. Parisians, fickle though they are in their likes and dislikes, have very long memories for other people's tactlessness.

*The Royal Visit to Manchester.*

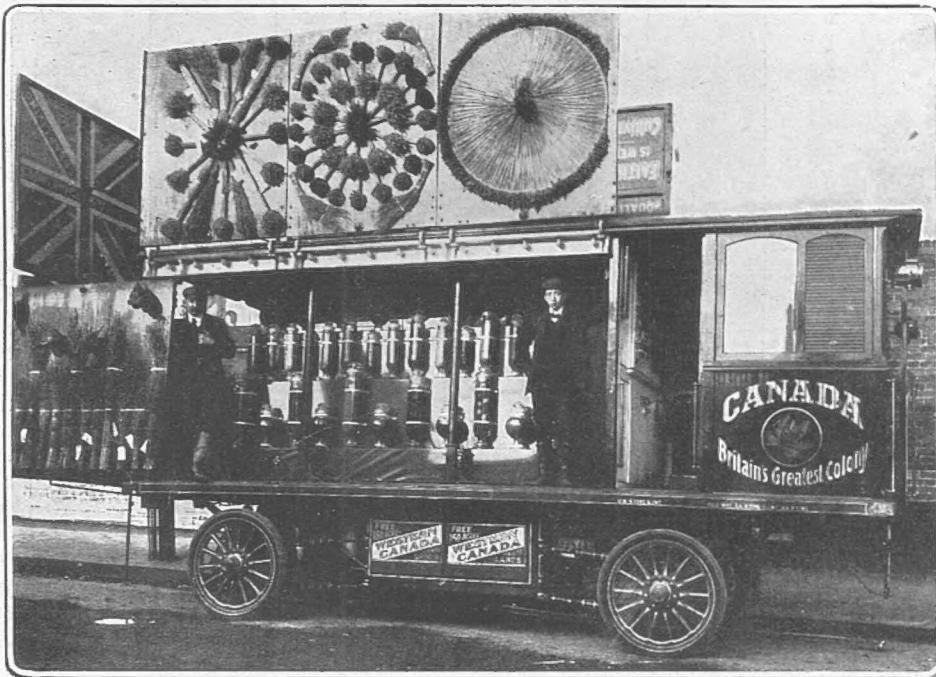
Manchester is already preening its plumage in loyal anticipation of the visit of the King and Queen next month, and has been going into ways and means. The occasion is certainly an exceptional one, for it will be the first on which a King and Queen have been in the city

together, and the first visit of a Sovereign since Henry VII. went there in 1495. Local feeling has been well expressed by the Lord Mayor: "I have no information as to the kind of reception the people of Manchester gave to Henry VII., but I know the enthusiastic delight and the joy with which we shall welcome Edward VII. and the Queen when they honour us with their Royal presence."

*Conqueror and Conquered.*

There is very little in common in the careers of Admirals Heihachiro Togo and Rojdestvensky, the victor and the vanquished at the already historic naval fight known as the Battle of the Sea of Japan; save, indeed, that both are strict disciplinarians they may almost be said to have nothing in common. Togo has the advantage of Rojdestvensky in years, for he was but

fifteen when he joined the *Worcester* as cadet in 1871, and for that very reason did not see his first active service until some fourteen years after the Russian Admiral saw his. "Togo the Lucky," to be precise, first heard powder fired in grim earnest during a naval engagement in the Chino-Japanese War of 1894, whereas "Rojdestvensky the Unlucky" gained his first experience in 1877 during the Russo-Turkish War.



ADVERTISING IMPERIALLY: THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT'S EXHIBITION WAGGON, WHICH IS TO TOUR ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The Canadian Government's Exhibition Waggon, which is about to begin a tour of England and Ireland, is the largest motor in the world (excluding steam-cars), and is designed to show Canadian produce to its best advantage. Mr. Frank O. Chapman is to be in charge, and it will be his business to induce people to emigrate by pointing out the qualities of his Imperial wares and distributing pamphlets. The car is twenty feet six inches long when closed, and it is lighted by two hundred and fifty 8 candle-power lamps.

Photograph by Herons.



MISS JANIE EVANS, WHO MARRIES MR. E. A. WIENER TO-DAY (JUNE 7).

Photograph by Esme Collings.



MR. EDWARD A. WIENER, WHO MARRIES MISS JANIE EVANS TO-DAY (JUNE 7).

Photograph by Langfrier.



OUR ROYAL VISITOR, THE KING OF SPAIN,  
IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.



1. ALFONSO XIII. WAITING HIS TURN TO FIRE AT A PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH.

2. ALFONSO XIII. IN MUFTI.

3. ALFONSO XIII. IN THE UNDRESS UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL OF THE SPANISH NAVY.

4. ALFONSO XIII. ATTENDING A STATE SERVICE.

Our Royal visitor, the young King of Spain, is by way of being an all-round sportsman. His adventures as a motorist are well known, and afford his Ministers some trepidation. He is also one of the best shots in his kingdom, and is able to indulge his taste on a number of rich sporting-estates of which he is the owner. Special interest attaches to the naval uniform in which we show him, as it is the undress uniform which King Edward is entitled to wear in virtue of his new rank as Admiral of the Spanish Navy.

*Photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

ATTEMPTS to disguise the trouble between Lord Kitchener and the Indian authorities have not been remarkably successful. The murder is out. "K. of K." has declared, in the direct fashion so peculiarly his own, that the Indian Army is not in a fit state to fight. The Secretary of State in Council has replied that the Army has always been out of condition, and that it is better for India to have an inefficient and useless Army than for it to have a rude Chief who will insist upon disturbing elderly gentlemen bent upon enjoying their repose. "K. of K." declares that eight or nine divisions are necessary to resist invasion, and that they must be properly equipped for war. The civil authorities reply that four divisions were always nearly ready for emergencies, and that equipment doesn't really matter. Efficiency in theory they consider very favourably indeed, practical efficiency is just the fad of a military autocrat who would like to run the Army on business lines. After reading my morning paper's Military Correspondent upon the Indian *impasse*, the above is the opinion I have formed about its meaning. If my impression should be accurate, I wish the great soldier luck. He is fighting the biggest campaign of his life, he is fighting the highly-placed incompetents, and, as they are generally charming men and well connected, they have a host of friends.

*Cricket v. War.* At the hour when the first definite news of Russia's terrible defeat in the Straits of Korea was coming into town, Australia and England were waging war on the pleasant Trent Bridge grounds at Nottingham. I found a certain interest in watching the contents-bills of the afternoon papers. Some went right out for war-news, and "Baltic Fleet Annihilated" seemed at once a good head-line and a sufficient epitaph. But it did not serve every type of sub-editorial mind. One or two men, who probably know more about their public than they do about world-politics, gave their bill not to Russia's *débâcle* in the Far East, but to the English collapse by the banks of Trent. Doubtless their wisdom was justified of its contents-bills. Remained only a few of the potent, grave, and reverend signiors of journalism who have no enthusiasms, and these set the achievements of Togo and Cotter side by side. I was pleased to notice, too, that, in an access of pity for a brave man who fought a losing game as well as he knew, some of the halfpenny papers printed Admiral Rojdestvsky's name in full. Calamity, the great abbreviator, had made their earlier rudeness seem small and futile.

*A Prophet.*

It is dangerous to prophesy unless you know, but Carl Joubert, the author of "Russia under the Tsar" and other amazing books, seems to combine prophecy with knowledge. In a book that was reviewed at length in this paper quite recently, he declared that the Grand Duke Sergius was condemned, and soon after publication the Duke was blown to pieces. He also declared that the Baltic Fleet carried revolutionaries quite prepared to sacrifice themselves in the higher interests of Russia; that is to say, in the interests that the Russian

Admiral was not there to protect. Writing before full details of the fight are to hand, it certainly seems as though the Japanese have to acknowledge some help from the apathy or deliberate action of the crews of certain Russian vessels. In fair stand-up fight between patriots, the result could never have been the one-sided affair it seems. Did Admiral Rojdestvsky have Russia's enemies in the Fleet under his command? In Carl Joubert's very latest work he repeats his earlier prophecy, and says that the destruction of the Russian Fleet was a certainty. This volume appeared less than a week before the Russian Admiral tried to pass through the waters round Tsushima. If Dr. Joubert had the courage of his opinions and bought Japanese securities, he should be beyond the need of writing any more sensational books.



THE NELSON OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Photograph by Foster.

*A Gift from Japan.*

Very many of us are lovers of asparagus and are inclined to blame Nature for giving us a comparatively small supply of it. Then, too, most of us know the common bracken of the countryside in its young, curled form, but we never connected the two. Now Baron Suyematsu has introduced us to bracken, and it proves to be a very considerable vegetable, not unconnected with the aristocratic asparagus. In Japan the Emperor himself eats bracken, and who shall say it does not contribute to the Imperial virtues that have enabled the Japanese Generals and Admirals to do such epoch-making work of late? I read that a company of representatives of the Fourth Estate ate bracken at the Japanese Club in King Street last week, and were well pleased. If Japan has secrets of this sort to impart, I am more than ever in favour of an Anglo-Japanese Alliance, defensive and offensive, and, in the meantime, I look for a very considerable improvement in the already high moral tone of Fleet Street.



THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT: A SCENE DURING THE PAGEANT, "THE EVOLUTION OF THE BRITISH NAVY FROM THE ARMADA TO THE PRESENT DAY."

The Navy is well represented in this year's Royal Naval and Military Tournament, which comes to an end to-morrow, and is responsible not only for a most interesting pageant, but for a workmanlike display of Field-Gun Drill by seamen of H.M.S. "Victory." The pageant is divided into ten periods, and considerable trouble has been taken to ensure accuracy in dress, a task rendered difficult by the fact that until 1748 there was no regulation with regard to naval officers' dress, and it was not until after the American War that official instructions were given as to the garb of the men.

Photograph by Foster.



## FORMER COMRADES OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.



GERMAN STUDENTS DRINKING THE PUNCH OF HONOUR DURING AN EXCURSION AFTER A FÊTE.



GERMAN STUDENTS SINGING THE SONG OF THEIR CORPS AT THEIR CLUB.

In his student days the German Crown Prince was, of course, a member of a Student Corps, but it is said that neither beer-drinking nor duelling found much favour with him, and that he was, accordingly, not particularly popular with his fellows, who did not appreciate his reserve. Both our illustrations yield evidence of the German students' habit of duelling—in the first there are the scarred faces of the men to bear witness to the fact; in the second the bandaged faces.

## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

A SHOAL OF NOVELTIES.

NIGHT after night (except Sunday), and on some afternoons as well, the critic has had to attend novelties, and his reward has not been very great. Mr. J. B. Fagan's play, "Hawthorne, U.S.A.," certainly pleased the house, and many of the young ladies in the audience were frantically enthusiastic about Mr. Waller and his acting as the wonderful American of the stage and

cheap-magazine type that is becoming rather fatiguing to the critical. Probably, if the anticipated success comes, the author will win a little at the idea that a public which merely gave a success of esteem to his ambitious, dignified work, "The Prayer of the Sword," should delight in a play that only exhibits him as a skilful concocter of the modern form of melodrama—a form which, so far as the average specimens of it are concerned, involves less skill on the part of the author than the ordinary melodramas now spurned and banished from the West-End playhouses. Many will be thrilled and amused by the story of the young man who suddenly becomes a millionaire, and with the aid of the money acquired by no merit on his part proceeds to defeat a revolution and to establish on a sound basis the little kingdom of Borrovina, as a reward for which he wins the hand of its lovely Princess. Such a tale might have been treated with light, impudent humour like that of "The

this. The music of Messrs. Ivan Caryll and L. Monckton is as lively and tuneful as usual, and the lyrics are by Messrs. Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank, who are accustomed to success and know how to get it. Which of them, for sake of a rhyme, describes Campbell-Bannerman as "sitting on the fence" I do not know; it is certainly the funniest thing in the piece: some of the personal and political suggestions in the verses do not exhibit exquisite taste. Mr. Edmund Payne never fails to delight a Gaiety audience, and there are journalists who even talk of his genius. Miss Kate Cutler is always charming and gives a note of distinction. Miss Gertie Millar has a remarkable gift for saying her songs, and a pretty voice in singing them too, and her Rosalie—presumably a chastened version of the French stage *bonne à tout faire*—was the success of the evening; her dancing was a good deal applauded, but it is regrettable to notice how the Gaiety standard of dancing has declined. Miss Olive Morrell sang very prettily. Miss Connie Ediss had her usual triumph with a comic song which delighted the house. Mr. Nainby gave a new idea of a French waiter very cleverly, and Mr. Grossmith junior, adapter of the book, worked with great vigour and won a good deal of applause.

When watching the performance at the Criterion of Miss Ethel Irving in Mr. Gilbert's "star" show-piece, "Tragedy and Comedy," one could hardly believe that a little while ago she was one of the lights of the class of piece to which "The Spring Chicken" belongs. For here was an actress giving a remarkable performance in tragedy and artificial comedy and clearly proving her title to be regarded as one of our leading players. Miss Irving is the most impressive Clarice I have seen, and there were moments when her acting was great in its restrained intensity, whilst the difficult passage of the improvisation where she is, as it were, showing three strata of acting was remarkably skilful. Her programme now, with the amusing "What Pamela Wanted," in which she plays charmingly, and the one-Act play where she gives a noteworthy *tour de force*, ought to prove very successful.

"The Cabinet Minister" has never been looked on as one of the best of the Pinero farces, and on the revival, after fifteen years, the author might well have shown himself the disrespect of cutting it a little. Yet when one compares it with most of the recent works—of other authors—one forgets the faults, and thinks only over the hearty, honest laughter won by its wit and curious, rather fierce, humour. The acting shows a decided change in style since the days at the Court, and, whilst recognising fully the cleverness of the present work, one sees that the older, plainer method was the more judicious. Mr. Weedon Grossmith got more laughter as Lebanon than does Mr. Maude, yet the latter seems to me to show more subtlety and ingenuity. Miss Emery, the new Mrs. Twombly, acts brilliantly; nevertheless, one regrets the simpler, more farcical method of Mrs. John Wood. The rather acid, fine humour of Mr. Eric Lewis makes the too extravagant flute business less comical than when handled by his predecessor with a more unctuous method. Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Fortescue, Miss Addison, Miss Nancy Price, and Mr. Graham were remarkably good.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS RERESBY, "THE RAT," IN "THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS," AT THE LYRIC.

Mr. Martin Harvey, finding that the public was surfeited with "Hamlet," wisely took it off after a few days' run, and produced "The Breed of the Treshams," which has had a most successful career in the provinces, on Saturday evening last.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Dictator," or poetically as a fairy-tale; but Mr. Fagan handles it with a kind of grim earnestness, and even in one scene causes quite a thrill in the hearts of those who recollect the tragedy of Queen Draga. Still, he employs it with skill, and there are some pretty passages in the love-scenes. Miss Evelyn Millard is quite a delightful Princess, and a very fair Company supports the principals.

The Manchester Romeo and Juliet have come to town, and, even if the London critics are more guarded in their praise than their brother-workers of the North, it must be admitted that Miss Margaret Halstan and Mr. Harcourt Williams have made quite a "hit." The audience was fascinated by the charm and sincerity of the new Juliet, who also displayed very considerable technical skill. The revival comes somewhat unluckily, since players have had rather an overdose of Shakspeare—a fact that no one save "G. B. S." admits—otherwise the production probably would reach the West. Those who paid the now easy pilgrimage to the handsome King's Theatre at Hammersmith were quite enthusiastic about the young lady. The Romeo, too, won abundant applause; he is not very successful in the cantabile passages, but his acting is rich in energy and skilful as well, whilst he has a considerable charm of presence and manner. Compared with the work of the lovers, that of the rest did not seem noteworthy, yet a good deal of excellent acting was given by a well-chosen Company. Perhaps the best work was that of Miss Claire Pouncefort in the part of the Nurse.

There seems no doubt about the success of "The Spring Chicken," at the Gaiety. One cannot pretend that the book is brilliant; perhaps it would hardly serve so well if it were better. The main fault, after all, is that it reminds those playgoers who cannot call themselves chickens of "Pink Dominoes," which it resembles in plot but not in art or dexterity. Yet it is not more flimsy, incoherent, or illogical than most of its class. The mounting is unusually beautiful—the name "Wilhelm" on the bill explains



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S NEW LEADING LADY: MADAME SIMONE LE BARGY.

Mr. George Alexander will produce an adaptation of "L'Adversaire," under the title of "The Man of the Moment," on the 13th of the month. Madame Simone Le Bargy, of the Théâtre du Gymnase, Paris, is to play the leading feminine rôle, and is now in London, busy rehearsing.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.



WITH THE FLEET—AT EARL'S COURT.



MR. JORKINS: But is this ship really moving?

THE SAILOR: Why in course she is—we're a'most at Greenwich already.

MR. JORKINS: Lor' bless me, and I left the Missus waitin' for me outside.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"THE LITTLE MICHUS," AT DALY'S.



MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE AS BLANCHE MARIE, WHO IS DISCOVERED TO BE THE LONG-LOST AND EAGERLY SOUGHT DAUGHTER OF GENERAL DES IFS.

As befits the daughter of a French aristocrat, Blanche Marie, supposed child of M. and Mme. Michu, does not take kindly to life in a shop—indeed, makes a woefully poor saleswoman—much preferring the embroidery-frame.



MISS MABEL GREEN AS MARIE BLANCHE, DAUGHTER OF THE MICHUS, AND MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE AS BLANCHE MARIE, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL DES IFS.

"The Little Michus," who have been brought up from babyhood to regard themselves as sisters, are inseparable, and until ambition overcomes Marie Blanche neither is at all desirous of being found to be General des Ifs' daughter.



BLANCHE MARIE DES IFS AND MARIE BLANCHE MICHU ON THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

It is arranged that Blanche Marie des Ifs and Marie Blanche Michu shall wed on the same day—the first, Aristide Vert; the second, Gaston Rigaud. They discover, however, before it is too late that each is in love with the other's fiancé, and a change is effected.

*Photographs by the Play Pictorial.*



"THE LITTLE MICHUS," AT DALY'S.



MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS GENERAL DES IFS.

One of the two girls known as "The Little Michus" is the daughter of General des Ifs, but which it is neither Monsieur nor Madame Michu can say, for, one day, the former contrived to mix the baby girls "in the wash." The General insists, nevertheless, that one shall be surrendered to him, and, after numerous complications, it is decided that Blanche Marie is his daughter.

*Photograph by the Play Pictorial.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IN the *Saturday Review* there is an able but savage criticism of Professor Barrett Wendell's Clark Lectures at Cambridge.

The subject is "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature." The reviewer has no mercy on Professor Wendell. After pointing out some slips, he says: "But all these things are trifles compared with the generalisations with which the Professor favours us, and the absurdity and recklessness of the critical judgments, and the remarks on the style and composition." He goes on: "Turn where we will, there is the same want of discrimination, the same superficiality, and, what is worse, not only the same provincial note, as Ste.-Beuve calls it, but the same complacent satisfaction with inferior standards of culture and discipline." The reviewer winds up, after many merciless remarks: "It is scandalous that a great University like Cambridge should tolerate such standards of information and criticism as this volume exhibits."

All this is surely very much overdone. Professor Wendell, as his book on American Literature shows, is a pleasing and thoughtful writer. He has also read widely, and is by no means without individuality. Indeed, among the students of Harvard, who are tolerably severe critics, I know him to be the most popular of Professors. He would not claim to be in the first rank either as scholar or author, but the truth is that at present we have very few critics of the first order. This is our misfortune; but, as we are similarly impoverished in other departments, we must make the best of it, and rub on as well as we can, recognising gratefully the merits of whatever is good and sound. Professor Wendell's lectures may not be first-rate, but I will say, without fear of contradiction, that they are quite worthy to stand with the other lectures delivered on the Clark foundation. I must say also that the criticism which makes too much of mere slips has been pushed to an extreme.

If it comes to that, there is no literary historian of our day who is quite free from such slips, and many have secured comparative immunity by the simple process of having their proof-sheets read by a number of competent friends. As to generalisations, everyone must form his own opinion. No generalisation can possibly be of universal sweep. It is a poor business to pick out a sentence and add notes of exclamation. The sentence where it stands may have much to justify it. I will also add that when a distinguished American scholar comes over to this country at the invitation of one of our Universities, he is entitled to fair and courteous treatment. No American gentleman will ever ask for anything more.

"The Upton Letters," by "T. B." (Smith, Elder, and Co.), is apparently not one of those mystifications of which we have had so many. The author tells us that the letters were returned to him shortly after the death of the friend to whom they were written

by that friend's widow. The friend had expressed a desire that the letters should be published, and his widow is of the same mind. "T. B." frankly says: "I wrote my best, frankest, and liveliest in the letters because I knew that Herbert would value both the thought and the expression of the thought." The book is, on first reading, a disappointment. Speaking about Edward FitzGerald, the writer says: "I could not conscientiously advise anyone to take FitzGerald's life as a model. It was shabby, undecided, futile; he did many silly, almost fatuous things; he was deplorably idle and unstrung. At the same time, a terrible suspicion creeps upon me that many busy men are living worse lives. I don't mean men who give themselves to activities, however dusty, which

affect other people. I will grant at once that doctors, teachers, clergymen, philanthropists, even Members of Parliament, are justified in their lives." There is a great deal more of this, and it is disconcerting, for the publishers of "Idlehurst" have accustomed us to the best. But some paragraphs are better. Thus, "T. B." says: "I know no writer who has caught the poetry of the hearth like Charlotte Brontë. The evening hours, when the fire leaps in the chimney, and the lamp is lit, and the homeless wind moans outside, and the contented mind possesses its dreams—I know nothing like that in any book." The reference to Thomas Hardy is sufficiently quaint: "People under the influence of passion seem to me to behave in so incomprehensible a way, in a manner so foreign to my own experience, that, though I would not deny the truth of the picture, I would say that it is untrue for me, and, therefore, unmeaning." There is no harm in the volume. It is clearly printed and easily read.

Miss Isabel Moore has published some "Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton," well known in this country for his useful books on Literary Landmarks. The talk

is pleasant and entertaining. On one occasion, Hutton was showing a little shell-cameo portrait of his father, and mentioned to the company that it was the work of a clever little Frenchman by name unknown to him. One of the guests looked at it, and his hand shook a little. He said: "He was a clever little Frenchman, was he, and you don't know his name? Well, I am the clever little Frenchman, and my name is Saint Gaudens. It is the earliest piece of my work extant, and when you and Mrs. Hutton get through with it I want it for Gussie and the boy."

Laurence Hutton was one of those who were disappointed in the readings of Charles Dickens. The well-beloved characters were never the same again. "He introduced old scenes and old friends in new shapes of which I do not like to think. He killed my Sam Weller and my Micawber. All these years I have mourned doubly for the Ham who was 'drowned' in the sea and taken away from me on the platform. For all these years I have been absolutely Toot-less."—o. o.



GREAT THOUGHTS—AND THEIR THINKERS. V.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



*Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.*



XI.—THE ANIMAL-PAINTER.

THE LONDON SEASON.

[FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



"MR. SITFOR-MILES LEFT TOWN FOR THE NORTH YESTERDAY. HE IS NOT IN HIS USUAL HEALTH AT THE MOMENT."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## A LAME DOG'S STILE.

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



HE found her tremulous and shaken. In her hand was a newspaper. He took an eager step forward—then halted. Until she chose to discard the outward signs of her widowhood it would be an impertinence to speak as he wanted to speak.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lamely; "I oughtn't to have come—," and retreated towards the door.

"Don't go," she said, and her voice was low with an emotion to which he had no key; "I'd like to tell you, if it won't bore you."

He sat down near her, acutely conscious of a harassing desire to say what he wanted, and the plain inexpediency of such a step.

She looked at him, smiling faintly. "Please understand," she said, as she handed him the paper, pointing out a short paragraph.

He read it in silence; then re-read it, anxious to do her bidding. But he failed. He only knew that he hated to think she saw such things, or that one of them could move her, almost to tears.

"I have read it," he said, baldly.

She clasped her hands nervously. "Oh, but you haven't understood!" she cried; "please let me explain. It has hurt me so because—I was at school with the girl."

He made a quick movement of distaste.

"Yes, but it can't be got over," she persisted; "and she was kind to me with a kindness I can never repay."

With a sort of graphic sketchiness, she made him realise her unhappy childhood; the cold, indifferent step-mother, the blank and dreary holidays when she counted the days to the beginning of the next term, and then the joyous day when Peggy had first asked her to come home with her for the holidays, and the oft-recurring invitations that had gladdened the heart of the lonely, more than motherless little girl in the big, unfriendly London house.

"Oh, she was very good to me!" she insisted. "When I was accused of a fault committed by a class-mate, it was only Peggy who held stoutly to my innocence, worried out the real culprit, lashed her into tears and confession. When I lay awake at night, crying softly with toothache, it was Peggy who heard, and, scolding pains and penalties, whistled softly across the dormitory for me to go to her and be soothed and warmed into sleep. One doesn't forget those things. And we stuck to each other till"—her voice faltered—"till my step-mother forced me into an unhappy marriage, and, in my shame and misery, I dropped all my friends."

It was the first time she had spoken of her married life to him. He realised, with a quick glow of hope, that it was unlikely she had ever broached the subject to another. He realised also that she desired no comment, no expression of sympathy, and he was silent. There was a moment's pause.

"So you see," she added, "whatever she has done, I ought to be the first to help, if she will let me."

There was the faintest note of interrogation in her voice, and he tried hard to see the thing in her light.

"It's no good," he said, shaking his head. "I can't agree with you. Of course, I don't dispute that she was all you say at the time you knew her, but this"—he laid his hand on the paper—"this shows that she has changed. Believe me, you won't be able to do anything. It's hard, I know, but it's no good shutting one's eyes to facts. It's the way the world was made—for women."

He tried to speak gently, but he realised that he might have expressed his conviction with less crudity.

She rose, and her voice was cold with indignation.

"That is a hard saying, Mr. Thoroldson," she said. "Somehow, I did not expect it of you. I even thought you might understand."

She stood still, obviously waiting for him to go. He rose, distressed by her attitude. "I am only afraid," he protested, "that if you do anything, you may regret it some day."

She opened the door slowly. Suddenly she turned, smiling at him frankly. "I want," she said, "to say all manner of scathing things about charity, and not kicking people who are down, but I won't, because we are friends."

She held out her hand, and he grasped it.

"Thank you," he said, and she flushed at his tone.

"But please understand," she added, hurriedly, "that if you come again you must be prepared to see Peggy, for I shall bring her home with me if she will come."

"Chummie!" she called, softly, closing the door behind her.

The girl who was staring blankly out of the window turned sharply at sound of the once familiar name.

"Is it—is it Marguerite?" she faltered.

The other crossed the room and kissed her gently.

"No," she said, and with a word bridged the gulf of years, "it's only Margie."

Suddenly the girl in the window broke down. "Margie—Margie!" she sobbed, convulsively, "do you know what I've done?"

"Hush," said the other, soothingly; "I know nothing and believe nothing that you don't tell me yourself. But I've come to ask you to come home with me."

She saw a proud refusal in the girl's eyes.

"Chummie," she said, "remember how often and how shamelessly I used to accept your hospitality. Don't be—prickly."

The girl smiled suddenly. "Thank you; I'll come," she whispered.

When they were in the carriage and rolling smoothly westward the girl slipped her arm through her friend's.

"Margie," she said, "I want to tell you about it, because I know you'll be glad it's not as bad as—the papers say."

"I knew that, of course," said her friend.

"He—he got it into the papers," faltered the girl, "because he hoped I should be afraid—should be glad to marry him—"

Marguerite's eyes flashed indignation, but she said nothing.

"You see," Peggy hurried on, "he came down for a week or two's fishing, and we got to know him, and he came often; the fishing was bad. One day I mentioned I was going up to town for some shopping the next day, and he asked if he couldn't meet me and go to a matinée, and—and I thought he was a gentleman, Margie, and, oh, I was so bored in the country, and I said 'yes.'"

Brokenly and incoherently she told the story. How, between a protracted tea and a drive, he had made her lose the last train—a very early one, the village being small and remote—how his talk had begun to frighten her; and how, at last, having sent him on some imaginary errand, she had escaped hurriedly from the waiting-room where he had left her and had jumped into a passing omnibus and been borne to the end of its journey—she knew not where.

Getting out and walking without purpose down long roads, she had been startled by the approach of a drunken man, had opened at random a garden-gate and crouched behind it.

"When it was quiet again," she went on, "I looked about and saw a little summer-house in the garden, and I was so tired and frightened, I—I stopped there all night." Her voice broke in a sob.

Marguerite's eyes were very bright and soft.

"And that's all," added the girl, "except that when I got home"—her voice hardened—"they didn't believe me. Of course, he—said I'd been with him, and I couldn't prove I hadn't." She drew a quivering breath. "Margie!" she added, suddenly, "they nearly drove me to him. I came up to London to look for work, but I didn't find any, and if you hadn't come this morning I'm not sure—"

She bit her lip, flushing.

Marguerite smiled, and drew her closer. "Oh, but I am," she said, quietly; "quite, quite sure."

The girl broke down utterly. "Oh, you are—sweet!" she sobbed. "You shall never regret it."

And Marguerite kissed her all the more tenderly for remembering there was one who thought she would. . . .

"Chummie, dear," she said, presently, "we shall be home in a minute."

The girl glanced at the tall, white houses outside, and shivered.

"Oh," she said, with startled eyes, "I hadn't realised you lived in London. London is so cruel—I am afraid—Margie—"

Marguerite understood. "Then it's very lucky," she lied, smilingly, "that I had thought of going down into the country to-morrow, isn't it?"

"The brougham is round," said Peggy, dashing into the room.

Marguerite was putting on her gloves. She had been summoned to town on business.

"Good-bye, then, Chummie," she said. "I shall be back on Friday. You'll be all right, won't you, with Mrs. Stannerton to keep you company?"

"Of course, dear. And I'm going to be frightfully busy, you know, answering advertisements. I'm ashamed to stop with you any longer. I must find something to do."

Marguerite looked at the girl and smiled. She was so adorably pretty, and Marguerite's thoughts turned to two or three young men who had been constant visitors of late, and who were obviously not blind to the fact.

"Very well," she said, "but you can't prevent my hoping you'll be extremely unsuccessful."

In the train the time passed quickly to Marguerite. Her thoughts were very pleasant ones. This last quiet month in the country was stored with vague, yet not entirely formless memories. It was a delight to live it over again, and to remember Peggy's happiness, her own joy in it, the long, delicious summer evenings, and—well, yes, after all, that was the main thing; why need she disguise it?—the frequent appearances of a motor-car, and its owner, John Thoroldson.

The first time she had seen him alone she had spoken to him of Peggy, and told him what had really happened.

His attitude had delighted her. "I know," he had said, awkwardly. "I mean, of course, directly I saw her I knew I had been wrong. I am entirely ashamed. Can you forgive me?"

"Who could resist so handsome an apology?" she had said, banteringly, and the subject had never been mentioned again. But she had felt a ridiculous elation, like a child whose broken but much-loved toy is suddenly discovered to be not past mending. . . .

She thought of her return, and of a certain delicious white gown that would be awaiting her, the symbol of her release from a mourning that had inevitably been nothing but conventional. . . .

And she thought—sweetest of all—of that other thing that was awaiting her, awaiting only that change of which the white gown was the outward and visible sign. . . .

It was dusk on Friday when Marguerite reached home again. The day had been stiflingly hot, and, with a sigh of relief, she stood once more at her bedroom window, waiting for her maid.

Suddenly she turned round. Yes! It was there, laid out ready for her to put on, a mass of soft white folds, with here and there, still faintly visible, touches of delicate gold embroidery. She went over and touched it, smiling happily, and even knelt down to lay her cheek against its cool whiteness.

"He is sure to come this evening," she said to herself.

"May I come in?"

Marguerite rose hurriedly. It was Peggy who opened the door, and closed it mysteriously behind her.

"I wanted to see you alone, Margie," she explained, "to tell you that—I'm engaged."

"No! Really?" Marguerite showed a delightful, friendly curiosity. "Who is it? Philip?"

Peggy's head shook an imperious negative.

"Well, Charlie Maitland? No? Who can it be? Oh, I know—Roger Wilde!"

"They're all boys," said Peggy, disdainfully. "Guess again."

But Marguerite couldn't. "Tell me, Chummie," she urged. "Look! it's time to dress for dinner."

"He's coming to dinner," said Peggy, softly, "It's John Thoroldson. Should you have guessed?"

Marguerite looked at her long and thoughtfully—or so it seemed to Peggy. In reality, what she saw was the image of a man who was frowning slightly and saying, "It's hard . . . but it's the way the world was made—for women." . . .

"No," she said, quietly, "I should never have guessed."

The friendly darkness encouraged confidences. "Of course," whispered Peggy, "I told him—everything, Margie, and—and you can't think how sweet he was about it. I thought men were generally so—cruel about some things; aren't they?"

"Yes," said Marguerite.

"And, Margie, he told me things, too, about himself. He once thought he cared for someone else, but there was something that made it impossible to tell her—I think she was very lovely, but cold. Anyhow, she never cared about him, and he never said anything. . . . You'll laugh, Margie, at my telling you such a stupid story. There's nothing in it, is there? Only—I'm quite ridiculously glad he never did tell her."

Marguerite was silent.

"Oh, you dear Margie," Peggy added, softly, "I shall never forget that if it hadn't been for you I should never have met—"

Marguerite stirred suddenly. "Chummie, we must dress!" she urged.

There was another knock at the door. It was Marguerite's maid, and Peggy fled.

"Madame has seen the robe?" inquired the girl. "Ah! it is Madame who will be superb—superb!" She raised admiring hands.

Marguerite staggered suddenly and leaned against the bed. "May—regret it—some—day—may—regret—" How the words hammered on her brain!

The girl flew to her side. "Madame is tired?—ill? But it is the frightful heat—"

From the dusty lane outside came the sound of a horn—approaching wheels—a slackening. Then silence.

Marguerite drew a long breath.

"It is nothing, Julie," she said; "be quick, it is late."

The girl hurried with her work.

"And, Julie—"

"Madame?"

"Get me out something black to wear."



THE FANTASTIC SIDE OF THINGS. PICTURED BY H. C. SANDY.

It was the row-boat "Hesperus"  
That skimmed the Summer swell.

Mary May looked awfully gay,  
And the dogs were both unwell.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THAT Madame Simone Le Bargy will receive a generous welcome when she makes her appearance at the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday of next week is undoubted. Our public has never failed to receive with cordiality any player from abroad who comes with a recognised reputation and is anxious to win new laurels from us—and that even though he or she come as a stranger without the friendly introduction of a great favourite such as Mr. George Alexander. There is, however, an additional reason for anticipating a great deal more than courtesy towards Madame Le Bargy, for she pays us the compliment of acting in our own language. More than that, instead of speaking English marred by an accent which makes it difficult to comprehend what she says, she possesses a gift of enunciation which enables every word she speaks to be clearly understood; and she has only that trace of foreign accent which gives a limpidity to her utterance, and charges her speech with a sparkle of fascination.

Her career has been one of the romances of the modern stage, for, unlike the majority of girls, her thoughts did not tend towards the theatre in any way. It is the fashion in France—or, at all events, in Paris—for girls to recite. Madame Le Bargy's mother decided that her daughter should do the same, only that she should recite better than her comrades. To that end she determined that her daughter should be taught by a speaker of the first rank, and selected M. Le Bargy for the office. He tested the ability of his would-be pupil, and, to her surprise, remarked that, with so striking a talent, she ought to go on the stage. She merely said she did not want to, as there was no necessity for her to adopt such a career. In time M. Le Bargy met Madame Le Bargy's mother, and told her his views of her daughter's talent. It was decided that she should go on working, and she worked hard for six months. Then the lessons came to an end, for the teacher had fallen in love with his pupil, his pupil had fallen in love with her master, and they were duly married.

For two years Madame Le Bargy had no practice. One day, however, Madame Sarah Bernhardt heard her recite. "Why don't you go on the stage, with a talent like yours?" the great actress asked. And before she could get an answer, she continued, "You must come and act in my theatre, for you are already a poetic actress." At Madame Bernhardt's, M. Rostand heard her. He, too, echoed the general opinion with regard to her ability, but added that instead of being a poetic she was a modern actress. Then M. Bernstein, who had never before given any indication of a tendency to letters, announced that he intended to write a play specially for Madame Le Bargy. He did. This was "Le Détour," which was accepted, produced, and acted one hundred and eighty times in Paris. In it Madame Le Bargy established herself as one of the first actresses in Paris. After playing in two or three other pieces, she acted in "Le Berceuil" with

M. Tarride. It was then Mr. George Alexander saw her. Business took him to Paris and to M. Tarride. They spoke of Madame Le Bargy. It was thought that she did not know English, but when Mr. Alexander heard her speak our language he was so struck that he at once proposed that she should come to London and act with him, and that arrangement is now about to be an accomplished fact, to the satisfaction alike of the author, the actress, and the manager, as well, as there is every reason to hope and expect, of the London playgoer. A portrait of Madame Le Bargy is given in "The Stage from the Stalls."



THE "HAMLET" CRAZE:  
A "SKETCH" ARTIST, MR. STARR WOOD,  
AS "THE MOODY DANE."  
Drawn by John Hassall.

With the termination of the run of "Hamlet," interest naturally centres in the next performance of Mr. H. B. Irving. Rumour has been busy of late with the statement that he is going to play Richard III., in which, no one will need reminding, Sir Henry himself made one of his most considerable successes at the Lyceum. Such statements must be taken for exactly what they are worth, for the *Sketch* has the highest authority for saying that the announcement is quite premature. That Mr. Irving has plans is a self-evident proposition, seeing the distinguished position he holds in the theatrical world. That these plans are nearing maturity is a matter of happy augury, on the announcement of which both actor and playgoers may have reason to congratulate themselves.

Mr. Laurence Binyon is the latest of our poets to devote his talent to the stage. That will undoubtedly be the reflection of most people who have seen the announcement that, when the Repertory Theatre reopens for the autumn season early in September, a new verse-play which has been written by him will be produced. As a matter of fact, however, the theatre has long had an attraction for Mr. Laurence Binyon, and *Cenone* will be the first of his plays to be presented. As most people are aware, Mr. Binyon holds an appointment in the Print Room of the British Museum. It was just after the death of Queen Victoria that Mr. Binyon went down to Great Russell Street and found the institution closed

for the day as a mark of respect to the memory of the revered ruler of the British Empire. He went home, and before he got up from his desk he had completed the draft of the play, to which, it need hardly be said, he had already given a good deal of thought.

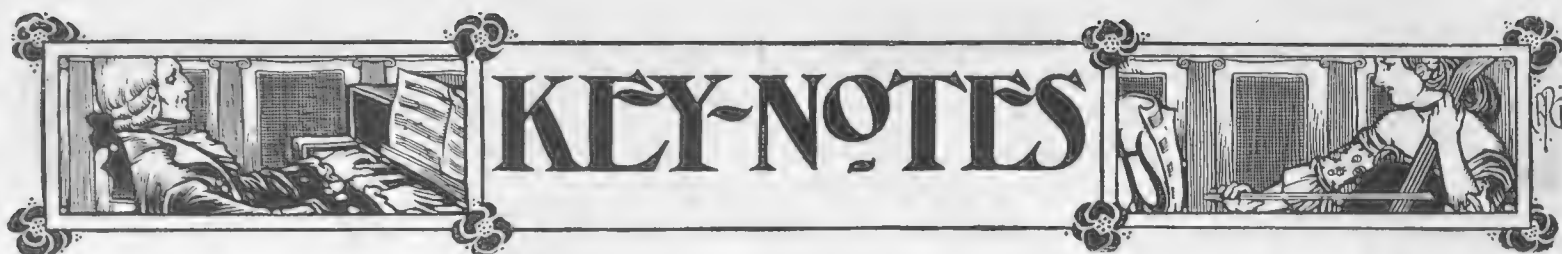
"Paris and *Cenone*" is not Mr. Binyon's only dramatic work, for he has written a three-Act modern play in prose, the destination of which is not at present settled. In connection with Mr. Binyon's work, it is not without its own note of suggestion that he was the winner of the Newdigate Prize at Oxford. He is probably the only poet to whom the University awarded its substitute for the wreath of parsley since Oscar Wilde took it who has turned his gift to the theatre and seriously determined to write plays.



THE STANLEY DWARVES WHO ARE APPEARING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

The six Pigmies who were brought from Ituri to Cairo by Colonel Harrison reached England last week, and are now appearing at the London Hippodrome. The smallest member of the party, Mongogo, a young man of eighteen, is about three feet in height; Magani, the tallest, is about four feet. The age of most of the members of the band is difficult to determine, as the little people arrive at maturity much earlier than Europeans. They marry at eight; are in their prime at twelve; and at forty are almost patriarchs.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE latest Carmen, so far as London is concerned, is Mlle. Destinn. The Management at Covent Garden is more than amply justified in presenting her to the public in this particular character. She is not only a really great singer, but she is also a very fine actress. If she does not possess precisely the *diablerie* of a Calvé, or rather, a Theodorini, whose work has not really been known in this country, she has, at all events, a human and direct point of view in regard to the part which always makes her attractive. It may be said that she did not tear her passion to tatters, that she did not give way to excessive feeling, but that she was always interesting, and, in her own way, never fell below one's expectation. One is quite aware that this is rather negative praise, but when one adds that her voice was very pure and very clean in its utterance, there is very little complaint to be made concerning her interpretation. Indeed, and as a matter of fact, it is quite questionable whether Bizet intended his Carmen to be the sort of wild Gipsy beauty with whom one has associated the part for many and many a year. There is no particular reason why the seductiveness of Carmen should be identified with exaggeration of passion; it is perfectly possible that Mlle. Destinn has an ideal of the part which is just as interesting as that which we have described; everything lies, so far as the public is concerned, in convention.

Fritz Kreisler is always a name to conjure with in the musical world, and his Recital at the Queen's Hall two or three days ago, with the Orchestra of that Hall, under the direction of Signor Arbos, was, in some respects, a real triumph for the violinist. His playing, for example, of Bach's Concerto in E Major seemed, at the moment of hearing, impossible to be surpassed. Of all composers in the world Bach is the most remote in his appeal to the emotions. His work very often reminds us of Spenser's "Faërie Queen." As Macaulay once said, very few are they who in reading this work are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. Very often Bach gives

may be permitted, of Joachim at his best. He expounds the beauty of Bach, he is fully aware of and completely expresses the difficulties of Bach; but, on the other hand, surmounting all these things, he is also the master of the beauty of Bach's writing, and therewith he makes himself, to the idea of the present writer, unique among modern players.

The praise which one naturally allots to so great a master as Kreisler is not by any means dimmed by one deplorable fact which occurred during his concert, and was solemnly set down as a matter for admiration and appreciation in the programme. So excellent are the concerts which are given at the Queen's Hall in the interests of the best class of music, that one wishes to dwell very lightly upon the most inartistic, the most futile arrangement of a celebrated work which it has ever been one's lot to hear. Everybody who knows anything about the history of the violin will remember that Tartini's celebrated "Il Trillo del Diabolo" was the result of a curious dream of which the composer has given a very full account; leaping from his bed, as he says in his own words, after having dreamed that Satan himself had played a Violin Solo to him, he at once impressed the notes upon music-paper, and, whether the tradition be good or ill, he at all events left a famous and beautiful work to posterity. At Kreisler's concert an arrangement—think of it, "an arrangement"—had been made of this famous and catholic work, whereby the Organ and Strings were brought forward to support the Violin Solo. The net result was that the organ practically had its own way, that next to the organ the strings had a very good time, and that, finally, Kreisler could scarcely be heard. One does not wish to be unfriendly to any person who genuinely imagines that his musical ideas are, from a public point of view, likely to be impressive. But one may make a very strong and definite protest about such an arrangement as this, which destroys entirely the original meaning of the composer, which lowers the position of the solo violinist, and which makes of the whole thing, in itself a most artistic thing, a most beautiful thing, nothing more than a sort of exaggerated pantomime. One's only consolation for such an error in art was to be found in Kreisler's magnificent playing in Beethoven's Violin Concerto. Here, at all events, we heard this great artist at his best; here the purity, the sweetness, the strength, and the virility of his tone once more proved how true a musician he is.



MISS TERESA DEL RIEGO, WHO GAVE A MOST SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL THE OTHER DAY.

Miss Teresa del Riego is the writer of several popular songs, and the programme on the occasion of her recent concert was made up entirely of her own compositions. A new song-cycle, "Gloria," in particular, found great favour with the large audience. To name but one other of the several most interesting compositions, a "Song of Gladness," sung by J. H. Connell, is full of imagination and mysticism, and deserves to be known. Certainly, Miss Teresa del Riego appears to have a bright future before her.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO SING IN "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA" AT COVENT GARDEN: MADAME RAUNAY.

Madame Raunay has made a name for herself on the Continent, and is to sing Amelia (or "Adelia," according to some versions) in "Un Ballo in Maschera" in about ten days' time. It is expected that she will be heard to great advantage in the air in which Amelia laments Riccardo's illicit love for the wife of his coloured secretary, and in the fine duet with her noble admirer.

Photograph by Paul Berger.

one that sort of feeling; he appears to be so learned and to be so full of technical matter that there are many, surely, who, admiring him as much as possible, nevertheless do not altogether discover the great beauty of his work. Kreisler, however, places that beauty in the forefront of his playing; in this he is a true successor, if such a word

At the Waldorf Theatre, the production of Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" was notable by reason of the fact that each single member of the cast was so thoroughly artistic that the combination may be said to have been without flaw and without blemish in its completeness. Miss Nielsen was delightful as Suzel, and Signor de Lucia, as Fritz, realised to its completeness the gay and romantic emotion of this truly and sincerely Italian opera. Ancona as David sang very finely, and Madame de Cisneros as Beppe was excellent. Signor Conti conducted Italian work as only an Italian can, and the whole opera went with a true swing and with singular vitality. Mr. Henry Russell is much to be congratulated upon the production.

COMMON CHORD





THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE—AN ACT TO CLOSE THE ISLE OF MAN ROADS TEMPORARILY—THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS—HIGH SPEED AND DANGER—BRITISH COMPETITORS AND THE AUVERGNE CIRCUIT.

THE running results and subsequent examination of the four Napiers, two Wolseleys, two Stars, one Darracq, and one Siddeley have caused the Automobile Club to select one Napier and two Wolseleys to represent this country in the forthcoming Gordon-Bennet race. The selection was given out in the

names of the drivers; but it is to be hoped that Earp will be allowed to drive the six-cylinder Napier with which Macdonald was, for the first time, unfortunate. She was clearly and evidently far and away the fastest machine in the Trial, and, by reason of the rapidity with which she can be pulled up and the lightning-like manner in which she can be jumped into speed, there is no doubt that she is eminently fitted for a course like the Circuit d'Auvergne. Earp should be asked which car he would prefer to drive. He is in a much better position to form an opinion with regard to the suitability of

and perfect organisation evinced by the method characterising the Trials themselves has been maintained in the manner in which the carefully elaborated report is now presented. The greatest credit is due to the Hon. Secretary of the Western Division of the Scottish Automobile Club, Mr. Robert J. Smith, C.A., F.S.S., for the whole conduct of the undertaking. The Gold Medals, one in each class, have been awarded as follows: Class I. (Cars having one cylinder), 6 horse-power Light Wolseley, driven by Mr. S. J. Hands. Class II. (Cars having two cylinders), 16 horse-power Albion, driven by Mr. Ralph E. Wilson. Class III. (Cars having three or more cylinders), 20-25 horse-power Ariel, driven by Mr. Charles Sangster.

As a set-off to the so generally presumed danger of high-speed motor-cars, I would point to the freedom from accidents during the Eliminating Trials. There were very high-powered cars driven at very high speeds over roughish roads for eight hours at a stretch, and yet the only failure was the mishap to Girling's "Siddeley" car, which, though it put the new vehicle out of the running, was not very material. The remarkable thing to the onlooker who is unaware of the enormous strengths of the high-class steels used in motor-building to-day is that these frail, tray-like vehicles hold



THE WINNER OF THE GORDON-BENNETT ELIMINATING TRIAL IN THE ISLE OF MAN: MR. CLIFFORD EARP ON A NAPIER.

Mr. Earp, who drove a Napier owned by Mr. S. F. Edge, covered the six circuits—311 miles 2 furlongs—in 7 hours 52 minutes, and thus takes first place in the British team for the Gordon-Bennett Cup.

the two machines than the gentlemen who decided things on Tuesday night, for not one of these has any practical experience of automobile-racing.

The Act of Parliament promulgated with much ceremony on Tynwald Hill last Monday week provides for the closing of the roads of the Isle of Man for five days per annum for five years, so that, should the Gordon-Bennett Cup be brought back to this country this or any future year up to 1910, the classic race will be decided over last Tuesday week's course in Manxland. Having chosen the Circuit d'Auvergne, the French, at least, can never cavil at the Manx course, which, in the opinion of an expert driver who has driven a 40 horse-power Mercedes round both tracks, is as a paved footway to a mountain sheep-track. The Manx people are shaking hands with themselves over their foresight in this matter, for the Eliminating Trials drew a very large number of people to the Island at a time when things are very flat as a rule, the Isle of Man season not opening until about the middle of the present month.

The Official Report of the Scottish Reliability Trials for Touring-Cars, held on May 10, 11, 12, and 13, has now been issued and is quite the best thing of its kind ever produced in connection with any such series of tests. The promise of thoroughness



THIRD IN THE GORDON-BENNETT ELIMINATING TRIAL IN THE ISLE OF MAN: THE HON. C. S. ROLLS ON A WOLSELEY.

Mr. Rolls was the third to arrive at the winning-post, but was considerably behind Messrs. Earp and Bianchi, and covered only five laps instead of six. He makes the third of the British team for the Gordon-Bennett Cup, with Messrs. Edge and Hargreaves (both on Napiers) as reserves. Earp's best lap was done at the rate of 45.5 miles an hour; Bianchi's best at the rate of 41.7 miles an hour; and Rolls's best at 40.3 miles an hour.

together for five minutes as they are hurled along the surface of an ordinary high-road at speeds often approaching a hundred miles per hour. The end-on view as the cars approach suggests that it is only a matter of moments before the steering-wheels, at least, are wrenched away from their spindles. As an example of strength with apparent fragility, man has produced nothing more wonderful than the racing automobile.

By a letter received from the President of the Automobile Club of France, Baron de Zuylen, it is made clear that the English competitors in the Gordon-Bennett race will have no opportunity of learning the Auvergne course. It is absolutely closed to automobilists at anything over eighteen miles per hour, by reason of the fact that the French speed-drivers have in weeks of practising so terrorised the inhabitants of the districts through which the route passes that in response to a local appeal the Minister of the Interior has prohibited any further speed-driving over the course. So the French and one or two German drivers have had all the practice they can want, and have yet the Eliminating Trials to come, while our own men, if they travel the circuit at all, will have to do so at the wheel of a slow touring-car which will teach them nothing of the curves.



SECOND IN THE GORDON-BENNETT ELIMINATING TRIAL IN THE ISLE OF MAN: MR. C. BIANCHI ON A WOLSELEY. Mr. C. Bianchi, who drove a Wolseley owned by Mr. H. Austin, was second to Mr. Earp by five minutes only. He also will, of course, figure in the British team.

Photographs by "Topical."

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—ASCOT—POETIC TIPS—HARD TIMES—LUXURY.

THE win of Cicero in the Derby was very popular, perhaps because the horse is owned by the Lord of the Durdans.

In the winter betting over the race Cicero had been well backed by all the little punters, who stuck to their guns right up to the close, despite the marvellous stories that were told about the capacity of the French colts. Cicero ought now to win the Eclipse Stakes and the St. Leger, while he is very likely to be seen out at Goodwood. Lord Rosebery has not done so badly of late years, as he has won three Derbys—with Sir Visto, Ladas, and Cicero—but it was a stroke of bad luck when he parted with Epsom Lad. Lord Rosebery's eldest son, Lord Dalmeny, is very fond of racing and cricket, and up to now he has proved himself a very lucky owner. In Sam Darling he has a first-rate trainer. The Hon. Neil Primrose, a younger brother, is often to be seen at the Metropolitan meetings. He is a capital cross-country rider, and I am told we shall soon see him riding in races under National Hunt Rules. Lord Dalmeny, by-the-by, is an enthusiastic motorist, and it is said that he motored from Newmarket to the Oval a few days ago in very fast time.

It seems that Viscount Churchill has received four times as many applications for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot as there are places at his disposal, and the number of disappointed people this year will be very considerable. Why not put the tickets up to auction and let them go to the highest bidders? By this means enough money could be accumulated for the re-laying the course—at least, down the new mile. However, the going, despite the east winds, is better at Ascot than it has been for many years, and for the first day of the meeting at all events it will be perfect. I cannot answer for the remaining three days, unless steps are taken to keep the crowd off the track. I am told that the show of tents and coaches on the opposite side of the course will be much larger than usual this year. The rhododendrons are in full bloom, and the foliage of the trees is a perfect dream just now. Major Clements, who is a real hard worker, has left no stone unturned in his endeavour to make the arrangements complete, and the stands and rings look fit for the reception of Princes, Peers, and peasants. The Royal Artillery Band will be on the Lower Lawn, as usual, and a Police Band will play during His Majesty's luncheon.

The days of the poetic tipster apparently are dead and done for. At one time of day, Derby poets were as thick as peas. Now we seldom see an effusion in verse in relation to the probable winner of the Blue Riband of the Turf. In Iroquois' year I got Mr. Phil Robinson to parody "Hiawatha," and he gave Iroquois one and Peregrine two. I wanted to give St. Louis third, but Mr. Owen Hall, who had a controlling interest in the paper, had a good tip for Lord Charles, and I very reluctantly gave him to come third. When finished, the poem ran well into two thousand words, and,

much, to our delight and surprise, it was cabled to New York and printed in all the American papers, with the result of the race, which was Iroquois, 1; Peregrine, 2; St. Louis, 3. I have never been able to discover who was responsible for the cabling, which had to be done some hours before the race was started, and the little experiment cost something at that time of day. It will amuse many journalists of the present day to be told that when I first wrote for a local evening paper, thirty years back, we used to give away all the racing results that came in between the editions by posting the telegrams up in the office-window!

The rank-and-file of racegoers are complaining of hard times. I refer more especially to the professionals, who complain that there are no pigeons to be plucked, in the shape of mad plungers. True, one or two sprigs of nobility are giving the money a run at the present

moment, and in this connection I cannot resist the temptation to relate a little story. Meeting a well-known owner, a friend recently said, "Are not young A. and young B. going the pace a bit?" The owner replied, "They are; but, you see, A. is worth about six millions, and B. is possessed of three millions, and both have large, very large, expectations." I am told that both young men are 'cute speculators, and of one of them I have been told that when he pays a penny for a half-penny paper he waits for the change, if the newsboy

has to run round the corner to fetch it. I don't think the bookies will make much out of either A. or B., and there are no plungers of the genus pigeon to be plucked on the Turf just now. The consequence is, we often see really marvellous betting on some races, the layers betting absolutely round on every race.

It is now possible to go from Waterloo to Ascot and enjoy a day's racing in a deluge without getting wet through. This has been possible in the case of the Kempton Meeting for many years past, and the same order of things prevails at Gatwick. Contrast this state of things with the travelling to and from the Lewes Stand during a severe thunder-storm, a thunder-storm, I mean; that is only to be met with on the South Downs. I remember after Marco had won the Lewes Handicap I had to remain on the Hill for an hour, so as to dodge the rain, because, on principle, I would not pay a pound for a ride down. It was during the wait that the late George Gotham, a big shareholder in the Gatwick Meeting, told me that Marco was certain to win the Cambridgeshire. Unfortunately, I was not convinced, but the horse won all right; and I am glad to notice that Mr. Luscombe owns at the present time a useful son of Marco in Sansovino, who, I fancy, is better than he has been painted. This by the way. It is evident that the builders of new racecourses will have to protect visitors from the watery element, and many of the managers of the older courses might easily build covered ways from the station to the course.

CAPTAIN COE.



MISS PAULINE CHASE DRIVING HER SMART TURN-OUT.

At the moment, Miss Pauline Chase is playing Columbine in Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Plea for an Ancient Family," "Pantaloons," at the Duke of York's. In "Peter Pan" she appeared as one of the twins.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THERE is no doubt "at all at all," as they are supposed to say in Ireland, that the young King of Spain "has a way wid him." His gallant initiative in publicly saluting the Queen of the Market Place in Paris has been followed by an unbroken list of conquests *en route*, and there is no doubt that the boyish charm of his manner will assert itself as



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-DRESS IN PUTTY-COLOURED CLOTH.

potently amongst us islanders as it did in gaily responsive France. Nineteen and a King! with the blood of Louis Quatorze in his veins and the careful training of an exemplary Queen-mother, Alfonso XIII. makes, indeed, a gallant figure before the nations, and one from whom great things may be expected in due season. The King's advent has already produced a slight diversion in previously pronounced Paris fashions even—a compliment, no doubt, to the warm admiration his bearing everywhere evoked; and though the Spanish turban is distinctly more suitable to winter, it is appearing in fine crinoline straws trimmed with plumes, as well as made up in small flowers tufted with ribbon pompons. The "Hidalgo" shape will obtain a wider hearing, no doubt, being more of the *sombrero* type. I saw one, sent over by Beer, done in black tulle, the brim lined with pink tulle, and long plumes of pink and black buckled with pink coral and paste, which made a very effective appearance. Jewellers are exhibiting reproductions of old Spanish and Moorish jewellery, and, while admiring the brooches and bangles of seventeenth-century Madrid and thereabouts, one rather wonders whether the *mondaine* of the moment will also take to wearing the large and highly ornate ear-rings of the same period which are being exhibited in the Rue de la Paix.

Talking of jewels, the newest pearl dog-collars appear without the diamond slide of much esteemed and becoming custom. I have seen several strung on thin slides of mother-o'-pearl, which is almost invisible, and the entirely white effect is immensely charming. How beautifully light, too, is modern jewellery, so lace-like in its effects

compared with the ugly ponderosities of a time within most of our memories, when bracelets were manacles, tiaras were fenders, and brooches as large as egg-plates. I was shown at a well-known Bond Street jeweller's this week a large Jagersfontein diamond—in itself a costly possession—which is to figure in a Duchess's diadem. The pattern of this ornament is to carry out in tiny diamonds a piece of old Limerick lace, and the work will be just as fine. The poor lapidaries engaged in the work will want patience and eyesight in proportionate perfection, one thinks.

Our illustrations show a pretty, simple gown of the girl-in-her-first-Season order, which, done in pink or other pale-toned chiffon, with velvet ribbons outlining the flounces and figure, would be a very charming little dance-dress. Another illustration describes the merits of a walking-frock in putty-coloured cloth, with a waistband of narrow black velvet ribbons, small revers and cuffs trimmed with the same over white satin. The hat—excessively French—is a white crinoline garnished with short, pale-green ostrich-feathers; a black velvet bandeau lifts it coquettishly off the face, and a number of unexpected curves and twists gives the little *chapeau* its necessary air of fashionable irresponsibility.

It is an ancient truism that one only finds time fly when busy or happy, or both, as the days drag out their slow length when we are weary or bored or miserable. The London Season certainly shakes the sands in one's hour-glass; however, and one almost feels as if one were seated in an express as the familiar landmarks come and disappear. Starting with a few preliminary excitements in May,



[Copyright.]

A DÉBUTANTE'S BALL-DRESS OF PINK CHIFFON.

we arrive at the Derby, with Ascot at hand; then the Henley Week, Lord's, Goodwood, and, presto! we are all down at Cowes, and the greatly anticipated Season is over. Already people are absorbed in the contemplation or commencement of their Ascot gowns. One delightful arrangement is a mass of delicately shaded greens with quantities of supplementary Irish lace, and to go with it are a Paquin hat and parasol, both in brown gauze, and bronze kid boots and gloves.

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For 1901 Thirds received a dividend of 1 per cent., and for the following year 2 per cent. Supposing the latter rate to be paid for 1905, the yield would be 4 per cent. on the money, and, if 3 per cent. can be screwed out, then 6 per cent. on the money. That is why some of us fail to see in what the fascination of Trunks consists.

While on the subject of statistics, it is amusing to look up the record of Union Pacific prices. The Company has an issued capital of something like 126 millions sterling, which does not include the last lot of Preference shares. Seven years ago, Unions went to 18½. This spring the shares sprang to 140½. Anyone who got in at the bottom and out at the top would have netted £1,220 upon an investment of £185. We will hasten away from the subject.

It is a common thing to hear people talk of a Kaffir boom near at hand which shall wipe out all previous records. These cheery souls take their stand upon the gold production (I speak but parabolically), and speak as though the output were the one thing needful. So, in a way, it is, and, with the time approaching when the mines ought to be distributing a few dividends, it is not improbable that we shall see an attempt made to give prices a leg-up before the dog-days. But though the aggregate output is satisfactory up to a point, the individual returns are not what they will have to be if the people outside are to interest themselves actively in Kaffirs again. My point is that until the speculative investor—the man who will take up the shares he buys and be content to hold them for the sake of the dividends they pay—until this speculative investor can see 7 or 8 per cent. return on his money, he won't be in any hurry to relieve the shops. And it seems to me that the attitude is an entirely correct one. However much we may sigh for a boom, it is no use shutting our eyes to the palpable facts that South African mining is not the absolute gamble that it used to be; that its demonstrated payability does not justify many even of the current prices, and that the public, bitten over and over again by the rank greed of issuing-houses which want every vestige of plunder for themselves, are naturally chary of repeating previous expensive experiments. Should a wave of speculation suddenly arise, that would be a different matter. The public might, of course, sweep everything in front of them, as they did in the boom of ten years ago, when no efforts to stop the mad rush would have been effectual. It was as though a long-pent-up force had broken loose. "A dammed river is a dangerous thing," says the author of that singular book, "When It Was Dark," and the bulls want us to believe there is to be a rushing, mighty roar of buying which shall place Kaffirs points higher. To my mind, there was far more practical sense in the remark of a dealer in the market the other day, when he said, "It's a safe snip to sell Kaffirs when they rise five bob." But some day they will go better; the chief question of interest is whether that will happen before we go bankrupt. We, and the Official Receiver, shall see.

Two men, after Admiral Togo (I don't think we need count Rojdestvensky), deserve the admiration of the news-reading world for the parts they have played in the most recent Eastern crises. One is the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*; the other is the representative of the same paper who reported the naval battle from one of the ships engaged. To their many tributes may one more be added, from

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

#### SOUTH BOLIVIAN GOLD-DREDGING.

Some few weeks ago, we referred to the gold-dredging Companies on the San Juan de Oro in South Bolivia, among which the Manchester Company, called the First Rio San Juan de Oro Company, Limited, takes a prominent place. We hear from our Buenos Ayres correspondent everything is progressing

favourably, and that in the local market all the shares are at substantially higher prices. The dredge belonging to the No. 2 Company will commence working during this month, so that practical results can be expected at no distant date. Our correspondent warns us that, although hitherto the concerns floated have been at least fair speculations, there are signs of wild-cat propositions being got ready for the European Market, and that in the near future considerable discrimination will be needed, especially if the results of the pioneer concerns are as brilliant as expected.

Saturday, June 3, 1905.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ISCA.—The Nitrate shares you name are a fair purchase. The dividend should be paid this month. We prefer Liverpool Nitrates, recommended by "Q" in our last issue.

HABITANT.—The stock is certainly speculative, and we cannot see even present value in it, considering what will happen in 1911, but it is very likely to go to 110.

E. G.—The Gwalia Consolidated shares at about 1s. or 1s. 3d. are the best cheap thing we know. They are a fair gamble.

SALFORD.—See this week's Notes, which contain all the information we have.



#### AT THE OPERA.

That's a pretty woman!  
Yes, and what a lovely Complexion!  
Yes—PEARS' SOAP.

# Pears' Soap

beautifies the complexion,  
keeps the hands white,  
and imparts a constant  
bloom of freshness to  
the skin.

As it is the best  
and lasts longest it  
is the cheapest. —